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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

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NEWBERRY WAS A PIKER according to Pennsylvania standards. Gifford Pinchot spent $195,000—as much to run third in the recent Pennsylvania Republican primary as Newberry spent in getting nominated in Michigan six years ago. Vare, who won, spent more than half a million dollars, and the Mellons and their friends spent more than a million in their vain efforts to hoist the pious Mr. Pepper into the Senate again. Washington is reported so shocked at Mr. Vare's vote-buying that the Senate may not seat him if elected. But what of Mr. Pepper, who already sits, and of Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, who helped finance his campaign? Are they more virtuous because they spent more, and lost? And what of Mr. Fisher, candidate for Governor, whom the Pittsburgh machine counted in on the day after election, apparently by counting ballots in bulk instead of individually? Joseph R. Grundy, chairman of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, who put up occasional checks for $18,000, $30,000, or $80,000, whenever needed, was frank in explaining his passion to elect Fisher governor. Fisher's rival, he feared, might repeal the tax on coal, which the consumers have to pay, and "that might mean getting the taxes out of the corporations," which are now tax-exempt in Pennsylvania. Hence Mr. Grundy's readiness to dig into his bank roll. Will Mr. Fisher be allowed to run? Has Pennsylvania any decency left, or does it like to be known as the corruptest State in America? And has America no sense of shame, permitting the chief bag-man of this vote-buying gang to run its Treasury?

"THE GREAT 'ELECTION FRAUD,'" says the New York *Times*, "is the primary itself." And Mr. Mellon's faithful Senator David Reed solemnly asserts that "Necessarily, in all propriety, the expenditures of vast sums were required because of the silly mechanism of primary elections that was thrust on us in a burst of unconsidered reform twenty years ago. We have got to get back to the convention system." The vast sums spent in Pittsburgh were used to buy "watchers"—about one in every four voters was paid as a "watcher"—at $10 a head for men and $5 for women (a new atrocity to excite the Woman's Party). It is difficult to understand what the primary system has to do with this form of systematic corruption. People who put up hundreds of thousands of dollars to buy a primary will surely be as generous at a regular election, and people who can be bought in June are certainly for sale in November. The only apparent advantage in the convention system is that it used to make it possible to buy nominations more cheaply, easily, and secretly. In the good old days of party conventions the bosses sat in their hotel rooms and made their deals with less likelihood of exposure by an inquisitive Senatorial committee. That, apparently, is what the *Times* and Senator David Reed want. The primary does not work perfectly, but it has its advantages—and these are precisely what make Mr. Mellon's friends mad. It made Brookhart's victory in Iowa possible, and it has repeatedly defeated machine candidates. On the whole, Pennsylvania's primary did not work so ill. Despite the Mellon-Grundy million Mr. Pepper was not elected.

JAPANESE POLICE arrested three hundred Koreans who dared demand independence during the funeral of their erstwhile emperor; the French are continuing their war of extermination against the Syrian patriots; England has bullied Zaghlul Pasha, despite his overwhelming victory at the polls, into refusing the premiership of the "independent" kingdom of Egypt; and the red-blooded Americans who want Uncle Sam to join in the game of sitting on Asia are demanding increased powers for General Wood, our excessively military Governor General. Indeed, Representative Theodore Bacon of New York is suggesting that the rich southern islands inhabited in part by the backward Moros be separated administratively from the rest of the Philippines. He says the Moros want American and resent Filipino rule, but the recent killings occurred in Lanao, after General Wood had replaced a Filipino governor by an American. The joke is that the Moro Islands include the land which the rubber interests covet. Their people, for all their belligerent Moslem past, are the most backward in the islands, and Mr. Bacon's talk of "self-determination" for them is an obnoxious attempt to repeat, in the name of America, the old imperialist game of conquering by dividing.

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THE VISIT to this country of Louis Borno, President of Haiti by grace of the republic's American conquerors, naturally raises the question, What for? Mr. Borno's departure from Port au Prince was accompanied by a demonstration anything but friendly on the part of his fellow-citizens, many of whom think the purpose of his visit may be to sell further rights in Haiti to American business or to create propaganda favorable to a continuance of our forcible occupation. Another disapproving crowd greeted Mr. Borno upon his arrival in New York, raising the question of his eligibility to the presidential office. So long as American business and bayonets are the actual rulers, it matters little what puppet is the nominal head of the government. More important than the academic controversy over Mr. Borno's eligibility is the fact that he is virtually self-chosen—having been selected last spring by a Council of State which he had appointed—and that the whole governmental scheme rests upon a constitution which the United States forced upon Haiti in 1918. Our conquest of Haiti in the interest of American business, and the bitter resentment that has existed among the inhabitants ever since, is the point for us to keep in mind. It is an injustice that hurts us even more than it does helpless Haiti.

EMILIANO CHAMORRO is not to be recognized by the United States as President of Nicaragua. That may be accepted as final by the announcement of the return of the American Minister on an indefinite leave of absence. General Chamorro is friendly toward American business penetration in the republic, while the Liberals who last winter undertook an unsuccessful revolution against his dictatorship proclaim a belief in Nicaragua for the Nicaraguans. The Department of State is deserving of credit, therefore, as William Hard suggested in *The Nation* of June 2, in that it is logically standing by its policy not to recognize a government set up by force in Central America, even if a friendly regime could be obtained in that way. Whether the policy itself is a sound one is another matter. *The Nation* believes that the old practice of international law, by which any established government is recognized regardless of origin, is wiser and less provocative of meddling in other peoples' affairs. Anyhow, General Chamorro can hardly expect to last as President without recognition from the United States. There is a prospect, now that hope of recognition is gone, that he may voluntarily step down and make way for a coalition government of a moderate and conciliatory sort. That is what Nicaragua thought it had set up in 1924. President Solorzano proved unequal to the job, but the plan is worth trying again.

BRAZIL HAS LEFT the League of Nations in a pique, and Spain, too, is talking of desertion because she cannot have a permanent seat on the Council of the League. Poland, meanwhile, is too absorbed in her own troubles to repeat the claim which roused such a furore and whetted so many appetites in March. The path is now clear to enlarge the number of non-permanent seats on the Council, and to admit Germany, as a great Power, to the charmed inner circle—England, France, Italy, and Japan are the others—of permanent members. And thus the shabby under-cover affair which Briand and Austen Chamberlain began when they made secret agreements at Locarno comes to an anticlimactic end. It is true that the League is overweighted with European members, but Brazil's claim to a seat for Latin America was not made after consultation with her neighbors or in their name; it was just a case of grab, like Poland's and Spain's. The League's refusal to accept her ultimatum does it honor.

PREMIER AVERESCU won his general election in Rumania by a comfortable margin; he holds 100 out of 113 seats in the new Chamber. Considering the fact that he controlled only five seats in the last parliament, this is a handsome gain—and calls, perhaps, for a bit of explaining. When Averescu was called to the premiership at the end of Bratianu's term in office, it was generally accepted that his job consisted in preventing the legitimate opposition, the National Peasant Party, from getting control of the government. He has succeeded magnificently; and if his opponents growl—even Bratianu, who was doubtless responsible for his appointment, is complaining of oppressive tactics—it will probably be some time before their resentment grows to dangerous proportions.

AVERESCU'S PREELECTION METHODS were for the most part in the time-honored tradition of the Balkans. He made a hasty pact with certain leaders among the non-Rumanian elements and put up a ticket deceptively indicating a love feast of heretofore conflicting nationalities, with Hungarian and Rumanian jingoes, Zionists and pogromists, alike represented. He prohibited the opposition parties from electioneering in the country districts; he gave orders to the gendarmerie to eject all dangerous opposition candidates—particularly the more prominent leaders of the Peasants' Bloc—from their own election districts. According to the Bucharest daily *Adeverul*, the Captain of Gendarmerie Sfetescu, of the Vlach'ka district, sent this circular order to the posts of his district: "Pedestrian agitators for non-governmental parties are to be arrested, agitators in automobiles to be escorted by the chief of the post and a detachment of his gendarmes beyond the local border." Certain urban centers of opposition were put under a state of siege. Averescu also invoked the Red Specter, starting a conspiracy trial in Klausenburg on May 5, against eighty-seven alleged Communist conspirators between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, the chief defendant, Kate Abraham, being a high-school girl sixteen years old. In the course of this orgy of preelection repression Averescu executed one original coup: In Rumania soldiers under arms are deprived of the vote. Averescu had the lists of "politically unreliable" citizens carefully scrutinized by his local henchmen, and then called to the colors all "unreliable" males between the ages of 24 and 42 for military exercises to last until the first week of June.

THE PASSAIC STRIKE, now in its twenty-second week, continues to give America lessons in labor strategy. A striking plan suggested recently is the organization of a vertical labor boycott against the leading woolen firms of Passaic, such as Forstmann and Hoffmann's, the Gera Worsted and Spinning Company, and Botany Mills Consolidated—for the big needle-trades unions to refuse to make clothing from Passaic woolens. The vertical combination which brings under one management the production of everything from flax to finished Fords has been hailed as a great American achievement, yet a similar vertical labor

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boycott would doubtless be attributed to Moscow. Meanwhile the Passaic United Front Committee is extending its battle-line with relief committees in all parts of the United States. Textile unions outside the American Federation of Labor have created a new national committee for organization work. The strikers are running four grocery stores of their own in Passaic, each store having a manager and eight assistants who are all strikers. They have a warehouse, a clothing store where strikers, after investigation, are allotted second-hand clothing free, a corps of twenty investigators who check up on the expenditure of strike relief funds, and even a housing department which has placed about fifteen evicted families in new homes. All these enterprises are manned by strikers.

THE NET OPERATING REVENUE of the Canadian National Railways for 1925 has recently been announced as $32,264,000. This is $15,000,000 better than for 1924, and $66,000,000 better than for 1920 when, as a legacy of practical bankruptcy in private hands, the Canadian Government was forced to take over this 20,000 miles of track and operate it somehow. Since 1922, operating surpluses have been obtained. Coincident with this news there came over our desk a recent bulletin of the Taylor Society, which carried a speech by Sir Henry Thornton, the chief executive of the Canadian National. Sir Henry has joined with Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in supporting the so-called union-management cooperative plan, whereby, in repair shops, the Machinists Union and the railroad management cooperate to increase production, decrease waste, promote safety and sanitation, and steady the curve of employment. Sir Henry gives unqualified approval to the plan, and is assisting in its introduction throughout the great system which he controls. Meanwhile the same bulletin carries a speech by Bert Jewell, one of the union leaders primarily concerned with the plan, and a paper by Otto S. Beyer, the union's engineer, who has been assisting with the technical direction of the plan, both on the B. and O. and on the Canadian National. Mr. Beyer states that since 1923 there have been no fewer than 2,180 joint meetings of management and men on the B. and O. Over 14,000 specific proposals—mostly technical—have been brought up at these meetings, of which 11,300 have been adopted in the shops. Here, moreover, is no tame dodo of a company union, steered into sweetness and light by benevolent feudalists. Here is a free, powerful, international union, working with the management of a great railroad, on the basis of a fair give and take.

AT SWORDS' POINTS with Senator Wadsworth on almost all issues, we none the less salute him as an honest, straightforward politician. No pussyfooting for him. When he takes a stand he is willing that everybody should know it. He never made any bones of his opposition to woman suffrage and he does not now. In face of determined prohibition opposition to his renomination, he has come out squarely, not for the modification of the Volstead Act but for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the substitution therefor of the Canadian system of government-controlled sale of liquor. That is the stand a brave and square politician ought to take if he does not believe in prohibition; it is throwing down a gage of battle worth taking up. We cannot go as far as Mr. Frank Kent in deploring the mere possibility of the defeat of Senator Wadsworth because he is a gentleman, has brains, and leads, for we should like to see the political policies he stands for defeated at every turn. But it is so rare to find a politician of the Old Guard type standing four-square and risking unpopularity by frank avowal of a position which makes bitter attack—and, in this case, a rival candidacy—inevitable that we are glad to record our admiration.

THOSE OF THE OLDER GENERATION who every day contribute new opinions on modern youth must be freshly amazed each summer. The young idea seems to regard vacation—once the Utopia of the light novel—as a time to exercise minds cramped for months by academic requirements. Opportunity to discuss problems ranging from personal religious beliefs to international affairs will be offered at a multitude of conferences here and abroad, of which the *New Student* prints a comprehensive list in a supplement to its issue of May 26. Internationalism on a large scale centers at Geneva, where a student headquarters has been established at the suggestion of Gilbert Murray. In an old stone house at Honfleur, Normandy, a conference led by Norman Angell emphasizes intimacy of discussion and limits its numbers to twenty-five or thirty. On this side of the Atlantic an enterprising student can spend his vacation working and thinking or playing and thinking in equally good though perhaps less varied company. The National Student Forum has made over a barn in the Connecticut Berkshires into a home for a series of seven conferences. A camp at Oliverea in the Catskills of New York will be the scene of an experiment in self-expression. The students will lecture to one another instead of inviting expert members of the older generation. The Middle West has just concluded an all-inclusive three-day student conference at Kansas City. In various other cities the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. will continue to conduct their industrial groups of students who desire to work. With a firm belief in the efficacy of experience *The Nation* offers again this year three prizes of $100, $50, and $25 each for three articles on the summer experiences of students in industry. The articles should be not longer than 4,000 words, and should be submitted before November 1, 1926.

HERE AND THERE TORIES still cry out: "Why give the workers more leisure? They don't know what to do with it." It would do these old fogies good—if they are honest—to visit the Workers Unity House at Forest Park, Pennsylvania. The International Ladies' Garment Workers Union some years ago acquired a summer hotel in the woods. Year by year this magnificent site has been more and more adapted to the workers' needs. On June 18 another season opened. There are quarters for children as well as adults. There is a program of lectures and music as well as of organized games. And always there is the beauty of woods and lake and sky. Last year nearly 4,000 workers and their children spent their vacation in their own union's summer home. The Pioneer Youth camps on which *The Nation* has often commented are other fine examples of the interest the workers take through their own organization in enriching the hours when they can be away from the machine and the mechanized life. To Unity House, the Pioneer Youth camps, and all similar non-profit-making enterprises *The Nation* wishes the best of summers.

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China's Wars and Warriors

THE most significant thing about the confused fighting and peace-making in China is its insignificance. Whatever the outcome, nothing important will have changed. The Nationalist armies of the "Christian general," Feng Yu-hsiang, have been beaten, for the present, in the North; Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin are desultorily disputing over the spoils, and Sun Chuan-fong has seized the occasion to declare "independence" in the rich lower Yangtze Valley. All these Chinese generals are essentially bandits grown great; their armies are freebooters' armies, loyal with a personal loyalty to a chief rather than to a principle or a group. When they conquer or disappear the change is but a shift of personalities.

That any permanent solution of China's troubles can come this summer or in any immediate future is unlikely. The causes lie too deep. China has moved too far into the twentieth century for any single despot to be able to unite her and rule her with an iron will. The well-meant efforts of various foreigners since the revolution to aid one strong man to dominate the country have only aggravated the immense difficulties of the situation. China is emerging from a patriarchal, stable, medieval civilization into the restless, changing torment of the new industrial world. Industrialism has touched her only here and there, but it has destroyed the old equilibrium and upset the old balances. They cannot be restored. The only way out is forward, but her chaos is likely to be greater before she emerges from the birth-throes of the new epoch.

Where is the fighting in China? It is near the port cities and along the lines of the railways, where China's native village economy has been upset. Instead of peacefully producing only enough for the requirements of the local market, men along the railway lines have learned, in the Western manner, to specialize. They produce a surplus for an export market, and depend upon the railroads to bring from afar what they need to live. But the existence of a surplus, the existence of the railroads, is to the militarists a chance for robbery and gain. That they destroy the goose that lays the golden eggs means nothing to them; they will move elsewhere with their armies and rob other geese. The peasants who have been robbed of their means of existence are likely to turn to robbery, to form new local bandit bands which will in time be incorporated into so-called armies. So the process goes on. For the time it seems to produce only greater and greater chaos. But fundamentally it is revolutionizing China, breaking up the ancient stability of the local units, destroying that devotion to the past which was rooted in local customs, local bonds, and local divinities, and teaching the Chinese to work together in masses. It is creating, in its slow, mysterious way, that national consciousness which China has hitherto lacked.

Chang Tso-lin, Wu Pei-fu, Sun Chuan-fong, Feng Yu-hsiang—the generals whose names appear in the newspapers—are survivals of an age that is past. Chang Tso-lin is a street gangster playing king; Wu is a scholar respected in China because he is personally honest and loyal to his friends, even if they be inefficient and dishonest; Sun is a clever product of a Japanese military school; Feng is a peasant leader who indiscriminately uses Russian munitions and Christian texts as instruments of warfare. None of them speaks the language of the youth of China. All of them look back pathetically toward the golden past, speak with the exaggerated modesty which only a Chinese can adopt, and have confidence in none but themselves. When defeated they react, as Chinese do, by retiring to obscurity to gain new strength. Today Chang is supported more or less openly by Japan, Wu and Sun less openly by England, Feng by Soviet Russia. But none of them has any devotion to the Powers which support them, or any program. Their ambition is for their personal gang to get control. Like the old sages of China, they believe that a good man is always a good ruler, and, like all men, they believe themselves good. There is little hope for China politically until they and their generation have bled one another to death.

Feng, youngest of the three, has come nearest to having a program. His soldiers wear on their arms an inscription "Love the people! Do not molest the people! Help the people!" He has taxed his district into poverty, but his soldiers have a reputation for paying for what they take. They are disciplined; they even build roads, which is an occupation considered beneath his dignity by the average Chinese bandit. But Feng's alliance with the Russians, which is more geographical than ideological, has cost him the valuable sympathy of the British and Americans, who in China, as elsewhere, permit hate to blind their vision. And with all his discipline and his principles Feng has never learned to share power. He is, like the rest, a military despot, and when he retired his forces crumpled. The new China will not be built by soldiers; it requires civilians.

Away in the south of China, at Canton, is the most hopeful focal point in China today. There, where foreign influence has been strongest and resentment of it keenest, the Nationalist Party, the Kuomintang, acting through a party dictatorship which closely resembles the Russian system, has established something like civilian government, the only civilian island in the militarist sea which is China today. Canton's present government may not survive. Its generals may become too ambitious; it may make bad alliances. Already its influence has spread over other provinces, which may be its doom—Feng lost his significance when he began to make alliances with weaker men of weaker principles. But the idea upon which Canton rests, the democratic nationalism of Dr. Sun, is likely, through this or through some other agency, to spread.

Foreigners can do little to help China in her agony. Fundamentally, her need is time—time for the new generation to grow into responsibility, time to adapt herself to the twentieth century. To expect peace and law and order from a continent which is trying to compress a thousand years of history into ten is absurd. China will not uphold the letter of the treaties forced upon her in her weakness. She is not likely for some years to have a central government capable of so doing. The outside world may stand on its rights and check the speed of the revolution, thus drawing on itself the hatred of a perplexed and miserable people—or it can seek to understand and sympathize. Lewis Gannett's articles, beginning in this issue of *The Nation*, are an attempt at such sympathetic understanding.

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The Play Jury Functions

LAST week the New York Citizens' Play Jury, which had apparently fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude, suddenly came to life and announced the result of its deliberations upon four plays. "Sex" and "The Shanghai Gesture" were approved, a minor elimination was recommended in "The Great Temptations," and "The Bunk of 1926" was said to be so objectionable that it should be closed. The Shuberts dutifully omitted the offensive few minutes from their entertainment, and the Actors' Equity Association, in accordance with its voluntary agreement, ordered the actors out of "Bunk." Mr. Ramsey Wallace, however, one of the producers of the latter revue, obtained from Supreme Court Justice Aaron J. Levy an injunction temporarily restraining the Actors' Equity Association from interfering, and the entertainment, after being provided with additional costuming, was resumed. Here for the moment the matter rests, Mr. Wallace maintaining that he has been unfairly discriminated against while the proponents of the Citizens' Jury accuse him of attempting to wreck the only institution which stands between the New York stage and some more offensive form of censorship.

The Nation, as its readers know, looks with suspicion upon any form of censorship, and it even doubts the wisdom of those compromises which consist in accepting one evil out of fear of a worse; but it must in fairness be said that both in theory and practice the play-jury scheme has so far proved relatively inoffensive. It avoids the monstrous absurdity involved in making policemen the judges of art and morality, and it does not, like the English system, repose arbitrary power in the hands of one person. Moreover, its decisions have been for the most part liberal. Last year it either wholly approved or caused to be only slightly modified three excellent plays whose fate in the hands of the police would have been, at best, doubtful. 'Bunk" is the first production which it has ever tried to close. Yet the system has its disadvantages. In the first place, a separate jury is drawn for each play and, since indecency is undoubtedly a matter of unstable convention and personal taste, there is every reason to believe that the verdict in any given case would depend entirely upon the character of the jurors who happened to be drawn. In the second place, there hangs about the citizens' jury scheme the same pharisaical taint which is inseparable from any form of censorship whatsoever.

It is sometimes said that the only problem involved is the problem of finding decent and intelligent men for the role of censor, but the fact remains that no decent and intelligent man could possibly be persuaded to devote himself to the task for long. There is something essentially absurd in drawing lines or in pointing out details, and something essentially presumptuous in setting oneself up to judge what another may be permitted to see, in expurgating books and plays, or deciding what statues should, like some in Italy, be fitted with galvanized iron skirts. No right-minded man can do it often without feeling himself degraded and ridiculous. Censors may be drawn from many classes, from the stupid, the humorless, the fanatical, and the prurient, but they cannot be drawn for long from decent and intelligent men.

Upon this fact any scheme of censorship is inevitably wrecked. In the case of a crisis, such as that which was precipitated last year, wise and honorable people such as have undoubtedly concerned themselves in the present movement may, either from a sense of public duty or in order to obviate the danger of police stupidity, consent to judge plays from the standpoint of the moralist. The majority even of those who believe that a censorship is desirable will shrink from themselves performing the function, just as the majority of prohibitionists still shrink from imitating General Butler or informing the police about the activities of the home brewer who has a still in the cellar next door; and they will both refrain for the same reason—because spying out indecencies, like telling tales, is naturally repugnant. Since the play jury has no legal standing, service upon it is bound to be voluntary, and it will become, in a short time, a body composed of those who find in its activities a congenial occupation.

In its favor it might be argued that it is, in contrast to the English system, "democratic"; but it is not, in our opinion, democratic enough. There is only one really democratic way to deal with spectacles concerning whose taste there is a difference of opinion: Let those who find them unobjectionable attend and let others stay away.

Real Help for Real Farmers

WORD comes from Washington that in consequence of the overwhelming Brookhart victory in Iowa's Republican senatorial primary election Congress must "do something" for the farmer before adjourning this summer. After a few futile gestures and many windy words in the spring, Republican leaders had thought to shelve the issue once again, but fear of disaster in the congressional campaign in the autumn is spurring them now to put together some piece of bric-a-brac the paint on which will not peel off until it has done its work of fooling the agricultural communities over the November election.

Meanwhile an existing means of helping the farmer—potentially the most important set up so far—has never been permitted to function as intended, but has become instead a roost for politicians. Under political control we have a farm-mortgage fund now amounting to more than a billion dollars, involving two thousand political offices, setting the farm-mortgage interest rate for the nation, and making more powerful certain men known to betray the trust they are administering. The Farm Loan System, owned outright by 300,000 farmers, established as a much-needed and valuable credit machine, was by law to be turned over to the stockholders practically as soon as set up. *The Nation* has already recounted the way amendments to the act were secured which robbed Farm Loan members of the right, inherent in the ownership of stock, to manage their property. It has described the secret fund set up in the Franklin National Bank, an account ordered closed by Secretary Mellon after a Senate inquiry. [The Politicians Betray the Farmer, by Gertrude Mathews Shelby, December 3, 1924.]

The kernel of the Farm Loan System is the opportunity that it offers for any group of ten farmers to combine to obtain loans. The group has to indorse each individual loan and each borrower subscribes to stock in the land bank of his district. Each group is liable up to twice the value of its stock for losses of its own land bank, and every

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bank is liable for the losses of any other. The money comes from public subscription to bonds backed by this unusually good security. The reform of the Farm Loan System, its restoration to the genuine source of rural cooperative credit that it was intended to be, is one of the few programs upon which apostles of the farmer in Congress of all shades of opinion might unite. Here is a constructive measure to which no honest man can object.

Instead of such reform another link in the long chain of Farm Loan exploitation by politicians was forged by a congressional appropriation at this session increasing the already large overhead for the federal bureau by $230,000. A new division of appraisers and examiners was set up, with a chief at $12,000—the remuneration of the Secretary of the Treasury—and four assistants at $6,000 each. A Farm Loan expert asserts that several added examiners might perhaps have justified their existence at a total expense of $30,000. Yet two years ago two members at $10,000 each, with eight-year terms, were added to the board itself. One immediately employed a $7,500 assistant. The Senate, looking askance, finally approved their appointment because it was understood that these new members would perform expert tasks of the sort for which $230,000 has now been voted. This unnecessary burden the system must carry is not the largest—merely the latest. Traveling expenses, necessarily large, are so high the board refuses to give figures. The whole system is padded with unnecessary jobs. Unknown to stockholders and even to Congress, Charles E. Lobdell, when formerly a commissioner, contrived two years ago to persuade the federal board to create a new position, that of fiscal agent, to sell the bonds which produce funds to lend. The twelve land-bank presidents voted him $25,000 a year. The same summer their own salaries were raised.

Mr. Lobdell manages to retain his $25,000 job. But he does not—perhaps cannot—dispense with the syndicate which, he once testified, advised him concerning the amount of bonds to issue and the best time to float them. The syndicate is in a position to indicate what interest the bonds may carry; in a word, how much money the farmers are to have and what they should pay for it. It is highly significant that our farmers are obliged to pay a higher interest rate than is paid in foreign countries under similar schemes. Others provide funds at 2½ or 3½ per cent. Even our insurance companies lend at interest lower than the Farm Loan. Joint-stock banks, also supervised by the federal board, charging 5½ and 6 per cent, like "the farmers' own system," are not only able to compete but to take Farm Loan business away.

The interest rate, meaning millions a year to farmers, should drop. Instead, Representative McFadden has proposed an amendment allowing the Farm Loan Board to increase it one-half of 1 per cent. Any increase in the Farm Loan rate would be slow death. Failure would be stamped upon the first federal move toward initiating economic liberty in this country. By the Farm Loan act freedom was actually granted to responsible men to pool their resources, to serve themselves at cost by applying the association principle so valuable in insurance fields. Here might have begun—might still begin if a thorough reorganization takes place—a decentralization of credit which, extended to other industrial classes, might render Americans to some degree independent of gigantic financial powers.

Meyer London

THERE was something immensely impressive about the tribute which the East Side of New York—not only the East Side but the labor and Socialist movement of the whole city—paid to Meyer London, the immigrant from Russia who became one of the fathers of the modern organization of needle-trade workers and one of the two Socialists who have sat in Congress. Mr. London died on a Sunday after being struck by an automobile. He was buried on a Wednesday. During the long hours while his body lay in state at the Forward Building an endless procession of people passed in sorrow. Thousands marched behind his coffin through streets black with people. The funeral services were not of a religious character, but in Mr. London's honor the lamps outside one synagogue were lit and on the steps of another a rabbi chanted the prayers for the dead as the hearse passed by.

The tribute was to a man and not to an official position. Mr. London no longer represented his East Side district in Congress. In recent years the party of which he was a leader has waned in political strength. At the time of his death he was not even the principal attorney for the strongest of the unions which he had helped to build up. But he was, as he had always been, a lovable human being with strong likes and dislikes, great enthusiasm, much intellectual ability, and a sincere passion for the rights of the underdog. He might easily have become a rich man in his chosen profession, but money never appealed to him. More than once he sent back checks to labor unions because, he said, they were too large.

Of his political influence it is harder to speak. To many observers the funeral services brought other scenes to memory. Rutgers Square, where massed thousands wept for Meyer London, in 1914 witnessed an extraordinary jubilee in honor of his first election to Congress. Old orthodox Jews danced and sang with the younger radical generation. Meyer London had been elected; Utopia was near. One of the prominent workers in that campaign, now a close political friend of Governor Smith's, boasted that Tammany's day was done. The years brought disillusionment. Meyer London was a capable Representative, loyal to his conviction of what the difficult war years demanded, but he did not—perhaps could not—rise to heights of leadership.

No one Socialist Congressman from the East Side could ever bring the millennium. But he showed the citizens what they could do if they would stand together. The election of one Socialist Congressman did not portend the downfall of Tammany Hall, but there can be no doubt whatever that Mr. London's election and similar Socialist successes were largely responsible for the more enlightened social and economic attitude of Tammany Hall under the leadership of "Al" Smith.

Perhaps Mr. London's most lasting claim to fame will prove to be the great role he played in the famous 1910 strike which established the garment workers as a real power in industry and ended the days when the needle trades were the classic example of human exploitation which we call sweatshop labor. Whatever place history may assign him, the East Side's sincere and spontaneous tribute is proof that there is gratitude in mankind and an immortality of influence for the personality and deeds of men who dare to dream of a just and beautiful world.

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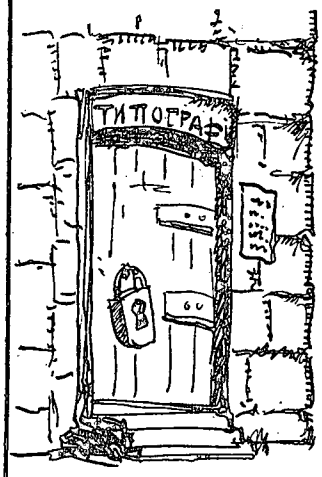
The Universe, Inc.

By H. v. L.

In Gramercy Park I met my friend Pavel Osholowitch Oshol, formerly a high Russian official. He now washes dishes at the Union League Club.

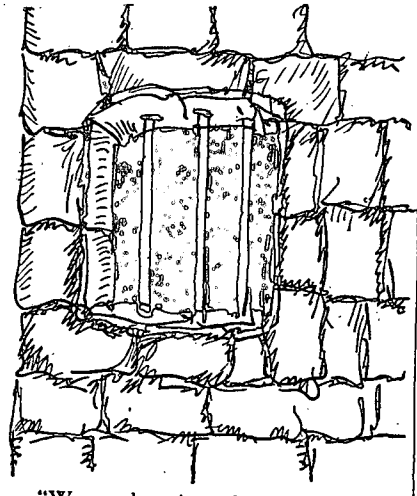
He showed me an announcement of the suppression of the *New Masses*. "What bungling," he shouted.

"In Russia in my day they knew how to handle such things better.



"Did we merely suppress a paper that offended us? Of course not. We padlocked the whole plant.

"We burned all the books and all the copies of the paper found on the premises, together with the lists of subscribers and such minor clerical data.



"We put the printers behind the bars for six years, and a Russian jail in those days was a jail.

"We sent the reporters and the artists and the special writers and the book reviewers to Siberia for twelve years or more.

"And the editors were condemned to twenty-four years in the lead mines across Lake Baikal. That was the way, my boy. That was the way." I hastened to agree with him.

"Of course," I said. "That was the way and it was highly successful. For example, look at the present condition of the Imperial fami——" "Pardon me," Pavel Osholowitch Oshol interrupted, "but I hear the clock strike. My dishes await me." And off he went.

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"Unchanging China"

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

WE Occidentals enter China at Shanghai, the greatest of those hybrid Eurasian cities known as "treaty ports" and, in some eerie way, the most unpleasant city in the world. Here, in what was once a swamp outside the city walls, white men have built the greatest trading city of the East. The old Chinese town is only a local slum today; what men call Shanghai is the foreign city, the "International" (British) and French Settlements along the river front. Here, under European flags and protection, the business of China is done.

It is a mighty city that the white men have built upon the banks of the Whangpoo. Broad paved streets; massive stone buildings, as gloomily vast and permanent as any in London's City; clanging street cars, electric lights in imitation of Broadway; gas, running water, sewers, all the trappings of Western civilization that are so uncomfortably missing in most of China. Automobiles clog the streets; the telephone system works in English; the pretty river-front park is "reserved for the foreign community." (Shanghai is politer today than when the sign read, "Chinese and dogs not allowed.") For miles factory chimneys cloud the sky; here, as in the West, men work in droves of thousands. Here, if anywhere, the West seems to have made itself at home in the East.

Yet ten minutes in this smoothly functioning city give one a panicky realization that it is neither Europe nor Asia, but something precariously balanced between them. Among the autos dodge swarms of ricksha coolies, clad in every imaginable combination of blue cotton rags, some barefoot, some straw-soled, many naked to the waist—all running, sweating, panting. There is almost no horse traffic. Men—and sometimes women—pull the carts. Watch them—each at his rope, six or eight to a cart, straining up the bridges over Soochow Creek, and you will realize the human meaning of the simple phrase, "Labor is cheap in China." Nor is it white men who crowd the sidewalks. Oriental figures—a few in ugly Western felt hats, coats and trousers, more in skull-caps and stately long silk robes—make up these sedate throngs. And at every bank, club, hotel, office-building a huge black-bearded turbaned Sikh stands guard, ready to cuff out of the way any saucy yellow man.

In Shanghai, as everywhere in China, one is impressed, and often oppressed, by the sense of the crowd. Here men teem; they swarm; the individual seems as insignificant as a single ant in an ant-hill. No one knows how many human beings live in Shanghai, for the native cities that cluster about the foreign settlements have never been adequately counted; but in the foreign cities alone there are a million and a half Chinese and only 40,000 foreigners, of whom more than half are of races ineligible to citizenship in the United States. The Chinese form 97 per cent of the population of the cities which white men govern; they pay 80 per cent of the taxes; but they have no share in the city administration, their children cannot play in the city park, and if they want to send their sons to school they must pay for it themselves. The foreign clubs (the French Club is an exception) do not admit Chinese even as luncheon guests; the line between white and yellow is drawn as sharply as that between black and white in Georgia; and one ends by understanding the bitter fear psychology of the tiny oligarchy which has built this city, is proud of it, and wants to retain it as a white citadel in a country of 450 million yellow men. One ends, too, by hating Shanghai; no one, foreigner or Chinese, can feel at ease there.

* * * * *

Life is warm and intimate in the narrow old streets of Hangchow. In one shop open broadly to the lane a whole family, from seven to seventy years old, sociably weaves baskets; another family saws wood with ancient Chinese saws, and makes the product into furniture; in a third shop bronze bells are being cast; and across the street one family is making brooms, another idols, a third coffins. They live so close that their lives are interwoven, as is their conversation. No stranger passes but they all note him; no accident but all share in the distress and laughter. The hours are long—indeed, there is no respite except for food and sleep—but there is little strain; work and play are intermingled.

One suddenly becomes aware that this is the Middle Ages. The carved wood railings of the second stories; the richness of color and sound and smell (most of the cooking is done on the street, and the little restaurants send out a rich cargo of Oriental odors); the beautiful shop signs—vertical strips of painted wood inscribed with gilded Chinese characters—this must be very like the medieval back streets of those European cities which still preserve their proudest squares to remind us of what guild life was before the days of factories and efficiency.

Through the narrow streets dodges an endless line of ricksha boys, while the occupants strike little foot-bells to emphasize the musical shouts with which the boys warn of their coming. It seems very ancient, very Oriental. And then one learns that the first ricksha came to Hangchow fifteen years ago, imported from Japan for an American missionary, and that the ricksha itself is a missionary invention only fifty-odd years old. It dawns upon one that China can change, has changed, is changing. There must be thousands of darting ricksha boys in Hangchow today; fifteen years ago the mandarins rode in sedan chairs and the merchants walked. One is no longer surprised to turn the corner from these handworkers' shops and find, behind high white walls, a great modern silk factory, where thousands of trousered Chinese girls work thirteen hours a day, and earn, if they are very skilful, almost a quarter.

* * * * *

Long before Shanghai Canton, far to the south, was opened to foreign trade. It has been the center of half a dozen wars and near-wars with the "foreign devils," but by some miracle, which may have its root in the vigor of the Cantonese character, it has maintained its Chinese soul and its Chinese rule. It is proudly tearing down the narrow lanes and opening wide avenues; it razes temples and creates schools; it has its own traffic police and a municipal sprinkling-cart; it even has a ten-story department store, hotel and moving-picture palace on the Bund (built by a Chinese

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peanut vendor born in Australia); but it has not succumbed to the West. Stand, if you doubt it, at the South Gate of a morning and watch the long lines of coolies pass out, bearing, trembling from the tips of bamboo poles, great slopping vessels which contain the night's human refuse without which the Canton delta, the most densely populated region in the world, could never maintain its ancient and intensive agriculture. Or watch the life of the river.

Ocean steamers come up to Canton, but anchor in midstream. The sampans, bobbing on the water with their long and short oars, do the rest. Tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of sampans line the shores and dot the river for miles. People are born on them, live their lives on them, die on them. The women pull at the oars with tiny babies on their backs; solemn-faced children a year old sit like silent dolls watching their mothers row. Two- and three-year-olds scamper recklessly from boat to boat; at four or five they help their mothers with the oars. Some sampans carry passengers, others cabbages, pigs, silk, kindling-wood, offal, whatever comes to hand. They go where destiny sends them, and tie up where night finds them—fifteen- or twenty-deep against the river bank. River-folk do not need to go ashore for food; itinerant vendors ply their wares in and out of the narrow fairways between the piles of sampans, selling cotton cloth, charcoal, bean-cake, rice over the gunwales—the woman working the oars while the man tinkles a bell and sings his wares. They drink the filthy river water and deposit their refuse there—Arabs of the waterway, they know no other home.

For centuries they and their ancestors have lived thus—have watched the first Western ships sail in, seen iron replace wood and steel iron, watched the coming of steam and of oil fuel—and their lives go on unchanged. So it seems. But already a score of motor launches snort up and down the river, doing the work of several hundred sampans; at Whampoa, nine miles downstream, where the cadets were trained who cleared the province of hostile troops, modern docks are being built. Men on strike against British Hongkong have dug a road to link Canton and Whampoa; and if ships come alongside and discharge directly what will become of the sampans? The city has an electric-lighting plant, and there are plans for supplying power looms to the home workers who spin silk on Honam Island, between Canton and Whampoa. Already modern-minded Chinese have destroyed the independence of Honam's silk industry and developed an efficient modern sweatshop system of exploiting home workers.

Honam Island is ruled by Lei Fook-lom, once a village bad boy, then a bandit, now a general. Lei Fook-lom cannot read, but over the gate of the castle which he has built himself are two mottoes: "He studies gardening, forestry, and the science of growing trees" and "He loves the sound of his children and brothers reading books." Lei Fook-lom, too, has changed. He has begun paying over taxes to the central government; he is building a hospital for Canton Christian College, on his island; and he has given the youngest son of his sixth concubine to be adopted by a Christian missionary and brought up, he hopes, as a Western doctor.

* * * * *

Men and camels seem like midgets filing along beneath the colossal walls of Peking—walls so vast and powerful that the gates can still be shut to bar out an invading army. The red and gold doorways of the dusty gray lanes of the Tartar City; the bold red walls and the smoldering fire of the glazed tile roofs of the Forbidden City within; the yellows, the blues, the greens, the gleaming contrasts in the painted beams; the vast, perfect proportions of a metropolis laid out as a unit—Peking has something of the grandeur of Rome, the glory of Greece, the charm of Paris, and is the Eternal City of China.

So-called. But in reality Peking is no more eternal than Carthage or Ur. It is already half dead. It was only half a century ago that the "Old Buddha" built the marvelous gardens known as the Summer Palace (to replace still more marvelous gardens sacked by the Vandal British and French, in the Second Opium War), with the infinite richness of old China—the long painted gallery, the marble camel-back bridge, the strange piles of buildings that climb the mountainside. Yet the Summer Palace is already archaeology. It is a museum, a relic of a past that can never be again. If you look for unchanging China, do not seek it in the magnificence of an empire that is gone forever—go to the Chinese village.

* * * * *

In North China the drab villages, built of brown mud bricks, roofed with brown mud, sink colorlessly into the brown mud plain. You do not realize at once how many of them there are. Only a mile or two separates one cluster of houses from the next. But these villages have no shops; they buy and sell at the market-town, and it may be twenty miles from one market-town to the next.

The market-town of Kweichiu is only seven miles from Tungchow and the railroad, but the seven miles make a breach of centuries. You cross the Grand Canal on an ancient ferry propelled by three wild-looking ruffians with poles, and join the parade of overladen donkeys, rickety horse-carts, and warmly padded Chinese. The road is just a rut across fields of winter wheat, sometimes across nothing but blown sand. It seems to stray and wander aimlessly, finding its true course only in the villages, where the commerce of centuries has worn the roads deep beneath the level of the farmyards. For these villages, rebuilt every few years out of the eternal brown mud, have histories that antedate Charlemagne.

Kweichiu is just one market-town among tens of thousands scattered over the continent that is China. It is big enough to hold two inns, where a Chinese traveler may lodge for about one cent a night; half a dozen herb drug-stores; a wine-shop; two blacksmiths, a draper, four rice merchants, a silversmith, a pewter-shop, a saddler, a salt-dealer, the inevitable vast pawnshop, and a "foreign-goods shop." Probably it has had most of these since the remote day in the Sung dynasty, a thousand years or so ago, when the town's first mud wall was built. The "foreign-goods store" has only two foreign commodities—cotton thread, from Japan; wire nails, from America. "We used to make our own thread," they will tell you; "but the foreign thread was so much cheaper that we stopped; now the price has risen, but we have forgotten how to make our own." Tobacco and oil, universal in China, of course come from abroad. The cotton goods are of local weave. In the old days, the blacksmith remembers, the coal came down from the Western Hills by camel; now he uses Manchurian coal mined by the Japanese. The iron used to come from Huai-lu on the border of Shansi; now it, too, is Japanese. Apart from that Kweichiu lives as it has lived for centuries—each of the mud-walled villages about it grows its own crops, makes its own products and

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takes its goods to the market-town of Kweichiu, there to exchange them for the products of another village. Civil war a hundred miles away hardly touches them.

Coal and iron and cigarettes and kerosene have done little to disturb the minds of these villages. Yenshing, five miles away, boasts two village scholars, one so advanced that he has a daughter studying medicine in far-away America. He is the only man in his village who has ever sent a child away to study; his is the only family that does not bind its daughters' feet; yet old Tang, scholar and head-man of a village twenty-five miles from Peking, knew not a thing of the "unequal treaties" that had fired the youth of the treaty ports, caused riots, and put China on the front pages of newspapers in cities ten thousand miles away.

[*This is the first in a series of articles by Lewis S. Gannett, who has just returned from the Orient. The second article, A Nation of Anarchists, will appear next week.*]

A Chinese Ruler Runs Away

By RAYNA RAPHAELSON

Peking, April 18

THE tale may now be told of the coup d'etat of April 9 to 10 which made Tuan Chi-jui, so-called President of China, a refugee in the Legation Quarter and left his Government suspended in mid-air, while the foreign dignitaries stood about wondering where the Government was to which they were accredited. It is a tale of how an old man, ostensible head of a great empire, calmly left his palace, evaded a net of three thousand troops, and wended his way into the safe harborage of foreign territory in Peking's Legation Quarter.

We must go back to the year 1640. In that year a Ming prince, high in favor with the court and fabulously wealthy, built himself a palace that was to outdo the glories of all other princes in those final years of the Ming dynasty. Its walls were high and stretched a mile around his park. For four years this prince participated in the decadent pleasures of the dying regime. He was shrewd and politic, as well as gorgeous in his way of living, so that when the smash came and the Manchus overthrew the Mings in 1664 he somehow saved his skin and rose to official position under the new rulers. But he participated in one court intrigue too many and was finally forced to flee Peking. The avenging party in power razed his palace and stole his numerous concubines to replenish the imperial harems.

From that day until the very recent year of 1918 the park of that astute—but not quite astute enough—Ming prince remained a ruined inclosure. Its trees grew, but its marbled walks cracked, its lacquered pagodas tumbled into the vines, and the foundations of its razed buildings, surrounding the innumerable courts, became one with the dust.

So it was—a ruin—when in 1918 Tuan Chi-jui came to Peking to become premier. Tuan looked about for a site upon which to erect a home suitable to his wealth and new official station. He found the site of that ruined Ming palace, with its broken walks and towering trees, and chose it for his own. There he built one of the most spacious of all the great houses in Peking.

A trusted follower of Tuan supervised the building operations, and while construction was going on noted curious hollow-sounding places where men were at work. He said nothing, but thereafter kept an even more careful eye upon the building. When the great place was finished Tuan's lieutenant told him of the strange noises. The old man, wise in the ancient ways of his country, cocked an attentive ear. Together they removed the flooring in one of the buildings over a hollow-sounding spot. They excavated, and found, directly under the palace, a maze of underground chambers and passage-ways leading far from the palace grounds.

In the late afternoon of April 9, 1926, word was brought to Tuan that unexplained troop movements were going forward throughout the East City. The old man set down his opium pipe and meditated. He knew there had been high feeling against him ever since the student shootings of March 18, for which he was generally blamed. He knew that the Nationalist army was desperate, with the "enemy" almost at the gates of the capital. He knew his own body-guard of 3,000 men (more than a thousand of whom were quartered in his palace grounds) could not hold out against the 20,000 Nationalists inside the city. So he came to a decision.

He gave orders that there was to be no fighting. Whoever came was to be admitted peaceably. Then he dismissed his informer and disappeared into the palace.

The Kuominchun had completed their encircling maneuver. The district was thoroughly covered. All exit streets and lanes were guarded. Then a select troop marched to Tuan's main gate. They entered, ostensibly to bring a message from the local commander, General Lu Chung-lin. But Tuan was not to be found.

Early in the evening of April 9 intimate friends of Marshal Tuan Chi-jui were somewhat astonished to have the old man call upon them. They were still further astonished when, with true Chinese courtesy, they came out into the entrance courts to greet him and found he had come in a hired and none too clean ricksha instead of in his own big motor car. Quietly the old marshal told of the change in his political fortunes. Then he departed. After he had called, thus, upon four or five of his intimates, he went to a refuge in the Legation Quarter.

Next morning all Peking knew that Tuan's regime was ended, that the old man had somehow eluded the soldiers of the Nationalist army, and was safe under the protection of foreign flags.

It seems an incredible story. But if it is remembered that three days after the deposition of the old marshal another change of fortunes took place on the kaleidoscopic political screen of Peking, forcing the Nationalist army to leave the city; that after the army had gone the enormous iron gates of this ancient city were closed behind them; that today it is only those stout relics of a former age which make it possible for life to go on in the capital in seeming peace—it may, then, seem a little less incredible that in 1926 the nation's head should evade a modern army by calmly disappearing through a labyrinth of underground tunnels built in days when walls were more than a temporary protection against invaders.

Eight days after this quaint escape old Tuan was back in his great palace, issuing mandates, again for the moment the ostensible ruler of China.

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Amorousness and Alcohol

By MARY AUSTIN

IF there is one premise which, more than another, has won, in the past decade, the general acceptance from which social conclusions are derived, it is that wars seldom, if ever, originate in the occasions that are most in the public mind. Nor are their origins likely to be in any way related to what is being thought and felt about them while they are going on. This has come to be so generally believed in respect to conflicts of arms that it is the more surprising to find the protestants of a purely regulatory or moralistic struggle deriving origin from what is or is assumed to be the immediate personal reaction of either side. Thus we have prohibitionists convinced that they are proceeding along logical lines of social betterment in the face of an opposition which never suspects that its own resistance is directed against anything but an infringement of essential personal liberty.

While the Drys on the one hand are inferring that all pro-alcoholic propaganda is motivated by depraved appetite, the Wets on the other are obsessed by the persuasion that back of the Volstead Act is the equally depraved operation of a diffused and morbid puritanism. But the writer, having been practically born and brought up on a temperance platform, led about by her mother throughout her young womanhood in the train of Frances Willard, and having, in an insatiable appetite for American experiences, given herself to all manner of causes—hopeful of others—has come to the same conviction about the origin of social conflicts that has been recently accepted of military wars. Not only do all large-scale social movements have sources that are hid from the majority of their adherents, and goals that only the perspective of time reveals but this particular movement toward the elimination of alcohol from our social life aims at a mark not only unsuspected by the majority but probably inadmissible. It has all the marks of one of those slowly evolving progressions that surge from unplumbed depths of the social complex, giving rise to many subsidiary movements, not at the time realized as pertinent to the larger urge, and adding to their impetus many lesser billows whose motivation appears wholly unrelated. All manner of minds are caught up in these social groundswells, formulating therefor, in man's incurable passion for rationalizing his convictions, many curious reasons. By and large, the subterranean push of such a long-time swing as the fight against alcoholic beverages turns out to be biologic. But if I mean anything more by the term than that the urge to prohibition is somehow concerned with the preservation and continuity of the human race, I must mean that it is an instinctive forward thrust of the life-force.

No doubt in the tremendous social and biological activity stimulated by the opening up of the American continent, accentuated in the quarter century following the Civil War, many dormant and budding tendencies of the life-force were released, particularly, in our Midwestern valleys, that complex of emotions and ideas which found expression in the sentimental idealization of what was always referred to in capital letters as the Home.

Among generations of land-hungry European immigrants, the traditional quarter section and the house upon it, as the Home, became the object of honorific devotion such as had Europeanly been paid to the Family, or to the Landed Estate. And in those days the outstanding menace of the Home was corn whiskey. Nobody that I can recall in the Illinois of that time, except the Germans, settled about the regional home of Anheuser Busch, drank more than incidentally for pleasure or refreshment. They drank to get drunk. And of all possible offenses against peace and prosperity a corn whiskey drunk is the most appalling. In my recollection of these things it appears in the line of logical behavior for the desperate wives of drink-bedeviled citizens of Ohio towns to have knelt together in the mud of small-town streets, in front of saloons, to pray. It was also eminently American for the local police to have jailed the praying women and so set in motion the oscillation of pro and con which eventuated in a constitutional amendment.

The movement so inaugurated had already taken social form and high visibility in the early eighties, at which time I began to observe it; and by the nineties plainly exhibited characteristics which suggested derivations deeper than the practical—and surely justified—prejudice against the saloon, deeper even than the most devastating personal experience of the "drink evil."

It was about the time the Volstead Act began to be of legal force that I heard—with the effect on my mind of a thunderclap—people in New York for whose opinion on other matters I had the greatest respect saying: "Well, if we don't drink, where's all the fun coming from?" "It's going to destroy all the good feeling, all the geniality."

With the flash that accompanied the thunder I seemed to see the admitted failure of affective "good feeling" in Western civilization as proceeding from a drugged avoidance of social reality. How could it be otherwise where geniality was rated a mere chemic reaction from our cups? Was our vaunted superiority, then, no more than the outward show of an alcoholically sustained form of obfuscation? This sounded so much like the end of a long-followed clue that my mind reverted automatically along it to what had been so definitely indicated as the trend of the "temperance movement" in 1890, the circuitous trend of escape, not so much from whiskey drunkenness as from drink-induced unreality. For what else is the distinguishing mark of our prideful modernity but continuous escape, whose high accent is a recent reaction against the emotional reactions of war, from all artificially produced social emotion? Never again, even with the foaming bumper of propaganda, shall our young men be gloriously drunk on war. As for political tipsiness, that went out with torchlight processions. Since 1914 in the United States even the campaign of moral reform has gone flat. Of the two remaining sources of human befuddlement, amorousness and alcohol, does not the fight against the second figure universally as the masked and indirect repudiation of the first?

This is what is meant by the biologic urge of the social groundswell on the surface of which the movement for the abolition of alcoholic beverages is carried. It must

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be clear, as with the steadily narrowing limit of supportable population the reproductive obligation of sex lessens, its unabated emotional compulsions tend to assume the proportions of a terrible—if ecstatic—enslavement. Already this appears in the current saturation of our art and literature with aspects of the struggle to rid ourselves, by rationalization, of this most ancient type of befuddlement. It is suggested in the querulous resort of certain of our intelligentsia to Europe, where achievement is not yet cleared of the mingled odor of amorousness and alcohol with which for five thousand years it has been penetrated. Under competent social scrutiny the confused and increasingly unsatisfactory handling of what are called sex problems is shown more and more to be involved with artificially induced extra-biological states of sex attraction. Inevitably with the shrinkage of the reproductive obligation these extra-biologic states will be found to be of diminishing interest and effectiveness.

With our characteristically American sentimentality in respect to sex, it is natural that the instinctive urge to reduce the emotional obfuscations of amorousness to something like their biologic proportions would be indirect and more or less unacknowledged. The numerically popular success of the movement toward prohibition, though it draws a considerable quota of the experientially convinced, quite certainly draws other numbers motivated by the instinct to seek relief from urges that exceed their function, by destroying artificial excitements. And for at least five thousand years extra-biologic amorousness has been so identified with alcohol that our popular phraseology scarcely takes account of one without the other. It is not inevitable that such general and instinctive movements as this one for the riddance of alcohol should be altogether wise in their procedure or even widely intelligent. It is normal to all mass movement that the individual assent or resistance to any deep-seated urge should appear so variously motivated. There are no doubt numbers of the adherents of prohibition whose subconscious recompense is the satisfaction they take in the deprivations of other people; just as there are ardent protagonists who under the slogan of personal liberty are masking a love of drunkenness—alcoholic or amorous—for its own sake. Nor does it affect the essentials of the problem one way or another that much of the practical resistance to the Volstead Act is mere adolescent protest against regulatory discipline, the as yet unsocialized need of doing what we like because we like it.

The variety and incongruity of the reasons for and against are only further evidences of the power of deep-seated social urges to transcend all our logic and intelligence.

To any one who will take the pains to uncover the early phases of the prohibition movement, as revealed in the pamphlets, public pronouncements, and programs of that time, it will be plain that its biologic derivation was then much more nearly conscious than it is now. This also follows the law of the emergence of wars, the generative causes of which tend, as the reality of war approaches, to disappear under a cloud of incidental emotionalism. That Frances Willard herself was perfectly clear as to the complete implication of all our hopes of social betterment in the removal of the one great source of moral and intellectual befudddlement, I think there can be no doubt. In the effort to avoid or uproot whatever blurs the edge of reality—drink, or lust, or war, or moral enthusiasm—all of which are more or less interchangeable as individual motivation, it is natural that drink should be the first to be objectively attacked. It presents a visible measure of economic convenience as a hand-hold, and strategically undermines the others. With the elimination of alcohol amorousness loses much of its enticement, and it is quite possible that the waning popularity of war is partly owed to its diminished opportunity for indulging the confluent appetites for drink and lust. That the effort to eliminate the first three occasions of emotional obfuscation should be the occasion of an accession of the last, most insidious intoxication, is perhaps the worst thing that can be said of it. For any moral enthusiasm invariably gives rise to counter-enthusiasms of immorality, against which the first frequently arrests itself, sometimes to the degree of temporary defeat. As this appears to be the present state of the prohibition movement, falling over itself in a too rapid progress toward its goal, this would seem to be the moment for both sides to abate their mutual fury of attack in a mutual recognition of the nature of the urge in which the movement takes its rise. It might prove in the end as doubtful an advantage to escape too soon as to hug too long, and on mistaken premises, a traditional release and incitement. One feels certain that a completely rationalized society would waste no more time in argument, but assign drinking privileges in conformity with demonstrable inability to perform a biologic function or achieve a preferred emotional release without it. But then ours is not, possibly never has had a genuine desire to be, a completely rationalized society.

The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain

By LANGSTON HUGHES

ONE of the most promising of the young Negro poets said to me once, "I want to be a poet—not a Negro poet," meaning, I believe, "I want to write like a white poet"; meaning subconsciously, "I would like to be a white poet"; meaning behind that, "I would like to be white." And I was sorry the young man said that, for no great poet has ever been afraid of being himself. And I doubted then that, with his desire to run away spiritually from his race, this boy would ever be a great poet. But this is the mountain standing in the way of any true Negro art in America—this urge within the race toward whiteness, the desire to pour racial individuality into the mold of American standardization, and to be as little Negro and as much American as possible.

But let us look at the immediate background of this young poet. His family is of what I suppose one would call the Negro middle class: people who are by no means rich yet never uncomfortable nor hungry—smug, contented, respectable folk, members of the Baptist church. The father goes to work every morning. He is a chief steward at a large white club. The mother sometimes does fancy sewing or supervises parties for the rich families of the town. The children go to a mixed school. In the home they read white papers and magazines. And the mother often

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says "Don't be like niggers" when the children are bad. A frequent phrase from the father is, "Look how well a white man does things." And so the word white comes to be unconsciously a symbol of all the virtues. It holds for the children beauty, morality, and money. The whisper of "I want to be white" runs silently through their minds. This young poet's home is, I believe, a fairly typical home of the colored middle class. One sees immediately how difficult it would be for an artist born in such a home to interest himself in interpreting the beauty of his own people. He is never taught to see that beauty. He is taught rather not to see it, or if he does, to be ashamed of it when it is not according to Caucasian patterns.

For racial culture the home of a self-styled "high-class" Negro has nothing better to offer. Instead there will perhaps be more aping of things white than in a less cultured or less wealthy home. The father is perhaps a doctor, lawyer, landowner, or politician. The mother may be a social worker, or a teacher, or she may do nothing and have a maid. Father is often dark but he has usually married the lightest woman he could find. The family attend a fashionable church where few really colored faces are to be found. And they themselves draw a color line. In the North they go to white theaters and white movies. And in the South they have at least two cars and a house "like white folks." Nordic manners, Nordic faces, Nordic hair, Nordic art (if any), and an Episcopal heaven. A very high mountain indeed for the would-be racial artist to climb in order to discover himself and his people.

But then there are the low-down folks, the so-called common element, and they are the majority—may the Lord be praised! The people who have their nip of gin on Saturday nights and are not too important to themselves or the community, or too well fed, or too learned to watch the lazy world go round. They live on Seventh Street in Washington or State Street in Chicago and they do not particularly care whether they are like white folks or anybody else. Their joy runs, bang! into ecstasy. Their religion soars to a shout. Work maybe a little today, rest a little tomorrow. Play awhile. Sing awhile. O, let's dance! These common people are not afraid of spirituals, as for a long time their more intellectual brethren were, and jazz is their child. They furnish a wealth of colorful, distinctive material for any artist because they still hold their own individuality in the face of American standardizations. And perhaps these common people will give to the world its truly great Negro artist, the one who is not afraid to be himself. Whereas the better-class Negro would tell the artist what to do, the people at least let him alone when he does appear. And they are not ashamed of him—if they know he exists at all. And they accept what beauty is their own without question.

Certainly there is, for the American Negro artist who can escape the restrictions the more advanced among his own group would put upon him, a great field of unused material ready for his art. Without going outside his race, and even among the better classes with their "white" culture and conscious American manners, but still Negro enough to be different, there is sufficient matter to furnish a black artist with a lifetime of creative work. And when he chooses to touch on the relations between Negroes and whites in this country with their innumerable overtones and undertones, surely, and especially for literature and the drama, there is an inexaustible supply of themes at hand. To these the Negro artist can give his racial individuality, his heritage of rhythm and warmth, and his incongruous humor that so often, as in the Blues, becomes ironic laughter mixed with tears. But let us look again at the mountain.

A prominent Negro clubwoman in Philadelphia paid eleven dollars to hear Raquel Meller sing Andalusian popular songs. But she told me a few weeks before she would not think of going to hear "that woman," Clara Smith, a great black artist, sing Negro folksongs. And many an upper-class Negro church, even now, would not dream of employing a spiritual in its services. The drab melodies in white folks' hymnbooks are much to be preferred. "We want to worship the Lord correctly and quietly. We don't believe in 'shouting.' Let's be dull like the Nordics," they say, in effect.

The road for the serious black artist, then, who would produce a racial art is most certainly rocky and the mountain is high. Until recently he received almost no encouragement for his work from either white or colored people. The fine novels of Chestnutt go out of print with neither race noticing their passing. The quaint charm and humor of Dunbar's dialect verse brought to him, in his day, largely the same kind of encouragement one would give a side-show freak (A colored man writing poetry! How odd!) or a clown (How amusing!).

The present vogue in things Negro, although it may do as much harm as good for the budding colored artist, has at least done this: it has brought him forcibly to the attention of his own people among whom for so long, unless the other race had noticed him beforehand, he was a prophet with little honor. I understand that Charles Gilpin acted for years in Negro theaters without any special acclaim from his own, but when Broadway gave him eight curtain calls, Negroes, too, began to beat a tin pan in his honor. I know a young colored writer, a manual worker by day, who had been writing well for the colored magazines for some years, but it was not until he recently broke into the white publications and his first book was accepted by a prominent New York publisher that the "best" Negroes in his city took the trouble to discover that he lived there. Then almost immediately they decided to give a grand dinner for him. But the society ladies were careful to whisper to his mother that perhaps she'd better not come. They were not sure she would have an evening gown.

The Negro artist works against an undertow of sharp criticism and misunderstanding from his own group and unintentional bribes from the whites. "O, be respectable, write about nice people, show how good we are," say the Negroes. "Be stereotyped, don't go too far, don't shatter our illusions about you, don't amuse us too seriously. We will pay you," say the whites. Both would have told Jean Toomer not to write "Cane." The colored people did not praise it. The white people did not buy it. Most of the colored people who did read "Cane" hate it. They are afraid of it. Although the critics gave it good reviews the public remained indifferent. Yet (excepting the work of DuBois) "Cane" contains the finest prose written by a Negro in America. And like the singing of Robeson, it is truly racial.

But in spite of the Nordicized Negro intelligentsia and the desires of some white editors we have an honest American Negro literature already with us. Now I await the rise of the Negro theater. Our folk music, having achieved world-wide fame, offers itself to the genius of the great in-

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dividual American Negro composer who is to come. And within the next decade I expect to see the work of a growing school of colored artists who paint and model the beauty of dark faces and create with new technique the expressions of their own soul-world. And the Negro dancers who will dance like flame and the singers who will continue to carry our songs to all who listen—they will be with us in even greater numbers tomorrow.

Most of my own poems are racial in theme and treatment, derived from the life I know. In many of them I try to grasp and hold some of the meanings and rhythms of jazz. I am sincere as I know how to be in these poems and yet after every reading I answer questions like these from my own people: Do you think Negroes should always write about Negroes? I wish you wouldn't read some of your poems to white folks. How do you find anything interesting in a place like a cabaret? Why do you write about black people? You aren't black. What makes you do so many jazz poems?

But jazz to me is one of the inherent expressions of Negro life in America: the eternal tom-tom beating in the Negro soul—the tom-tom of revolt against weariness in a white world, a world of subway trains, and work, work, work; the tom-tom of joy and laughter, and pain swallowed in a smile. Yet the Philadelphia clubwoman is ashamed to say that her race created it and she does not like me to write about it. The old subconscious "white is best" runs through her mind. Years of study under white teachers, a lifetime of white books, pictures, and papers, and white manners, morals, and Puritan standards made her dislike the spirituals. And now she turns up her nose at jazz and all its manifestations—likewise almost everything else distinctly racial. She doesn't care for the Winold Reiss portraits of Negroes because they are "too Negro." She does not want a true picture of herself from anybody. She wants the artist to flatter her, to make the white world believe that all Negroes are as smug and as near white in soul as she wants to be. But, to my mind, it is the duty of the younger Negro artist, if he accepts any duties at all from outsiders, to change through the force of his art that old whispering "I want to be white," hidden in the aspirations of his people, to "Why should I want to be white? I am a Negro—and beautiful!"

So I am ashamed for the black poet who says, "I want to be a poet, not a Negro poet," as though his own racial world were not as interesting as any other world. I am ashamed, too, for the colored artist who runs from the painting of Negro faces to the painting of sunsets after the manner of the academicians because he fears the strange un-whiteness of his own features. An artist must be free to choose what he does, certainly, but he must also never be afraid to do what he might choose.

Let the blare of Negro jazz bands and the bellowing voice of Bessie Smith singing Blues penetrate the closed ears of the colored near-intellectuals until they listen and perhaps understand. Let Paul Robeson singing Water Boy, and Rudolph Fisher writing about the streets of Harlem, and Jean Toomer holding the heart of Georgia in his hands, and Aaron Douglas drawing strange black fantasies cause the smug Negro middle class to turn from their white, respectable, ordinary books and papers to catch a glimmer of their own beauty. We younger Negro artists who create now intend to express our individual dark-skinned selves without fear or shame. If white people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, it doesn't matter. We know we are beautiful. And ugly too. The tom-tom cries and the tom-tom laughs. If colored people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, their displeasure doesn't matter either. We build our temples for tomorrow, strong as we know how, and we stand on top of the mountain, free within ourselves.

[*In last week's* Nation *Negro art was discussed from an opposing point of view by George S. Schuyler.*]

The Color Question in South Africa

By RUTH S. ALEXANDER

[*The color problem in South Africa has been made more acute by the policy of the present Government, which frankly favors repression of both the native and the Indian inhabitants. The Government aims to diminish, ultimately to eliminate, the Indian population; it has proposed a measure restricting the areas in which Indians may live, thus establishing virtual ghettoes; taking away the right to buy or lease land except in narrowly limited districts in Natal; and creating other limitations on the rights of people already living under heavy restrictions.*]

Cape Town, May 1

ON April 23, in a quiet and rather tense House, the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Malan, announced that, owing to a formula which had been agreed upon between his own Government and that of India, the Asiatic bill would be postponed, pending a round-table conference to discuss the whole Asiatic problem in South Africa. The crux of that formula—oh, blessed word—is the sentence which states:

> The Government of the Union have impressed on the Government of India that public opinion in South Africa will not view with favor any settlement which does not hold out a reasonable prospect of safeguarding the maintenance of Western standards of life by just and legitimate means.

General Smuts, for the Opposition, gave the Government his rather lugubrious blessing, and the House agreed formally and unanimously to the postponement. The time and place of the conference have not yet been announced, but the oppressive bill, in any event, cannot come before Parliament until next year.

On this result of their visit the Government of India deputation, consisting of Mr. Paddison, an Englishman; two Indian members of the Council of State; and the Indian secretary of the deputation, Mr. Bajpai, have every reason to congratulate themselves. That their tact, their knowledge, and their unfailing courtesy under conditions calculated to try that courtesy to the uttermost were important elements in bringing it about cannot be doubted. In view of the feeling in South Africa on what General Smuts called "this very great and difficult question," the Government, in consenting to the round-table conference, has

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made a very marked concession and one which, one may be certain, was not yielded without some strenuous protest from its own followers and some arguments of extraordinary persuasiveness from the deputation. What these latter may have been time will probably unfold. But the fact that compulsory repatriation of the South African Indians was unthinkable, while the voluntary repatriation so much desired by the South African people would cease automatically from the moment a bill unacceptable to the Indian people was placed on the statute book, may have made its impression. So also may the equally vital and previously unrealized fact of the almost limitless market which a friendly India might afford for South African products, notably for South African fruit.

Whether that carefully worded formula will in the end prove sufficiently potent to exorcise the fears and the prejudices of white South Africa remains to be seen. The mere fact of the prospective conference has undoubtedly lifted the whole question on to a higher plane, but the whole trend of the present Government, both in speech and legislation, has been in the direction of a harsher and franker declaration of white supremacy than any previous Government since Union has allowed itself, and there is little indication in the press or in the talk of the man in the street that this policy is unwelcome.

Meanwhile the plight of the Indians in the Transvaal and in Natal remains pitiable enough. Present restrictions press heavily upon them, and the uncertainty of their future shadows their days. A few of them have attained comfort, if not wealth, but most of them are poor and without facilities for education and self-improvement. They live among people who almost universally dislike and distrust them, even while making use of them, and who will do nothing to help them to improve their conditions. They lack leadership, and have rather deteriorated than otherwise since Mr. Gandhi left them. On the other hand, for the bulk of them repatriation would take them away from home rather than return them to their own place. Many of them are South African born of the second or third generation; and even those who are only domiciled here have for the most part been overlong away from the self-contained and caste-ridden atmosphere from which they came. Pariahs in this country, they are likely to be outcasts in their motherland. To this pass have the joint exertions of India, South Africa, and England herself brought them that commerce might be served.

But if the case of the South African Indian is pitiable, that of the South African native is at once more pitiable and more ominous, a menace to himself and to South Africa as a whole. Here again, though with more basis, it is fear, fear akin to panic, that dictates the bulk of the speeches and of the legislation of which he is the object. The Prime Minister himself, in a recent speech, drew attention to the fact that the whites were outnumbered by the natives three to one, and added that the proportion in numbers of the natives to the Europeans received its true significance only when they realized the difference between the two races. When they had done so they would understand how important a fact this disparity in numbers was in influencing the solution of more than one problem. The feeling behind these words has sent the Secretary for Native Affairs and the Police Commissioner hotfoot to Parliament, to plead before a select committee the necessity for a new Prevention of Disorders Bill which shall render persons held to have been guilty of sedition liable to a penalty of £500 fine or five years' imprisonment, with or without hard labor, or to such imprisonment without the option of a fine. It is not even pretended that the object of this bill is other than to permit the effectual terrorizing and silencing of certain native agitators.

Yet of the swarming millions of natives it is a handful, indeed, which has sufficient education either to become liable to these drastic penalties or to lament the franchise which is denied them. Nor are the millions likely to occupy themselves to any extent for some considerable time to come in any other business than that of keeping alive. And this is a matter which the fear and the race prejudice of the white man, coupled with a bland ignoring of economic laws, are rendering more complicated not only year by year but month by month. Last session a paternal Parliament imposed a high protective duty on the cheapest native blankets, on the plea that these could be manufactured in the country.

This to people who earn as little as fifteen, ten, or even six shillings a month (roughly three, two, or one and a half dollars) is, as Professor MacMillan of the Witwatersrand University has pointed out in one of a recent series of articles, a "really cruel" tax. This year a tax "to encourage native development" is proposed. All adult natives are to contribute ten shillings per annum to a "native development fund," in addition to the uniform hut tax of twenty shillings. This will render the situation of the poorer natives even worse than a steady decline in prosperity since 1913 has made it. Among the causes of this decline, according to Professor MacMillan, are the Natives' Land Act of 1913, which checked the natives' power to acquire land to meet their increasing wants; the rise in prices during and after the Great War, to which the wages of the natives were never adequately adjusted; several years of little or no rainfall, ruining crops sown in a soil always more or less starved and in need of scientific treatment; and, since 1920, a drop in the price of cattle and of wool. The "boys" who work on the mines or in towns do, it is true, earn comparatively good wages, but most of their money is swallowed up in the relief of their families from the burden of debt that is the result of their poverty. When to conditions such as these are added the "civilized labor" policy of the present Government, and the Color Bar Bill,* which on May 7 is to come before a joint sitting of the upper and lower houses, and which will then almost certainly become law, it is not surprising that the Deputy Commissioner of Police should say publicly "that we shall have serious trouble with the natives before long."

Led by crudely educated men of their own race, men embittered, ill-balanced, and often extremely egoistic, barred from avenues of employment long open to them, and from all hope, whatever their ability, of rising any higher in the scale of industrial work, it is like enough, as General Hertzog said at Malmesbury, that the frankly rebellious speeches of Kadalie and Professor Thaele are "going to be an incentive toward the beginning of a movement among the natives in general to get into their possession the most widely extended powers for having a say in the control of the country."

General Hertzog's proposals for the solution of the native problem are not yet before the country, but the

* After a debate lasting four days the bill was passed on May 12 by a majority of 16.

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chances are that they will be as sincere, as well-intentioned, and as vague as his many speeches on the subject. Of the temper in which they will be received by Parliament and by the country there can unhappily be little doubt. A panic of self-preservation plus a deeply rooted race prejudice is hardly the atmosphere in which wisdom, justice, or even foresight can have its being. Nor is there any real difference in feeling among the three parties in the country on the question. Sectional economic interest may lead to a temporary difference of attitude, as in the Color Bar Bill, where the South African Party, which is identified largely with the Chamber of Mines, has opposed a measure which will deprive the mines of a certain amount of cheap labor. And in a few constituencies in the Cape, where a native franchise still exists, a gesture of humanitarianism is at times in order. But the body of opinion in Parliament and out of it which is prepared to consider the native problem with detachment, constructive sympathy, and wisdom is appallingly small. The outlook for the next generation of South Africans is gloomy indeed.

A Liberal in Tennessee

By JOHN T. MOUTOUX

IT is not likely that the Tennessee Supreme Court will pass on the Scopes case until after the fall elections, in which event a test of the sentiment of the voters of the State on the anti-evolution law will be afforded in the Democratic primary in August. What will in effect be a referendum on the anti-evolution law is being made possible in the race for the Democratic nomination for governor by two proponents and one opponent of the law.

The present Governor, Austin Peay, who is running for a third term, and Hill McAlister, State treasurer under both of Peay's administrations, favor retention of the act, while John Randolph Neal, ousted law professor of the University of Tennessee, who was largely responsible for the Scopes case, is running on a platform demanding repeal of the law. Neal was one of the defense attorneys in the famous trial at Dayton a year ago. Peay boasts that much of the credit for the law is due him for signing the act in the face of strong protests. McAlister goes him a step farther, claiming authorship of the bill, although this claim has been repudiated by George Washington Butler, the representative who introduced the bill in the legislature. As a matter of fact, Peay solemnly proclaimed when the storm over the Scopes case first burst that the whole affair was nonsense; he predicted that the trial would last less than half an hour. When things got hot he went to Michigan for a "rest" and did not come back until it was all over.

Evolution is not the only issue of the campaign. In fact, Neal would have preferred that the Supreme Court dispose of the Scopes case before the primary in order to have eliminated evolution as an issue of the campaign. Not that he fears the consequences of his stand against the law, as the sentiment of the people would not be changed by the court decision; but he thinks other planks of his platform, of an economic nature, are of more importance.

In the arid South, as in the Midwest, it is dangerous for a politician to attack the Anti-Saloon League, but Neal is doing it. He is urging that a referendum be taken on retention of the Eighteenth Amendment and he is advocating modification of the State prohibition law, which makes possession of more than a gallon of intoxicating liquor a felony and prohibits the use of whiskey for even medicinal purposes. Neal recently sat in a State court and saw a mother with a child in her arms sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for part ownership of an automobile in which a small quantity of liquor was found. He determined then to campaign for modification of the State law to make such a thing impossible in the future. In a recent letter to the president of the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union Neal served notice that he did not intend to take orders from the Anti-Saloon League, whose methods he opposes. He believes that both the Wets and the Drys should welcome a referendum on the prohibition amendment so that the wish of the majority may be ascertained.

Throughout last fall and winter Neal fought the attempts of the usual water-power combine to grab all the available power-sites on the Tennessee River. The permits have not yet been granted, and only the other week O. C. Merrill, secretary of the Federal Power Commission, assured Neal that they would not be granted until after he had had an opportunity to appear before the commission in protest. Carrying his water-power fight into his campaign, Neal is urging the passage of a law which would permit the State and municipalities to construct and operate hydro-electric plants and to build transmission lines. In recognition of his efforts to prevent this Tennessee River water-power steal Senator Norris of Nebraska named Neal a member of the Muscle Shoals government-operation board. Neal showed his appreciation of the compliment by helping Norris in his fight against the leasing of Muscle Shoals. Recently he addressed the Alabama Federation of Labor on the subject, and before the meeting was over resolutions had been passed strongly opposing the lease to the affiliated power companies.

Among other reforms advocated by this liberal candidate is abolition of the contract-lease system in the State's penal institutions. The prisoners are leased to private companies. Neal thinks the system is as bad as the Alabama system and in his platform terms it "the foulest blot on our State's escutcheon." The corporation-packed public-utility commission he would deprive of its power to fix rates for cities, restoring home rule to the cities and towns. He wants also to strengthen the workmen's compensation act and increase the amounts allowed for injuries, and he advocates repeal of the blue laws—which require the closing of filling stations, soft-drink stands, and ice-cream parlors, and prohibit all forms of amusement on Sunday.

Middle-aged, with a thick head of hair just beginning to gray, Neal's bushy eyebrows and square jaw command attention in spite of his extreme carelessness of personal appearance. The largest landowner in the State, his income from this estate has been sufficient for his simple tastes; although he has devoted most of his life to teaching law and in fighting for the under dog, he has never been interested in making money. For a dozen years he taught for practically no salary at the University of Tennessee. In spite of this and of the fact that years ago, as a mem-

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ber of the State Legislature, he introduced the bills which created the university and which provided for its annual appropriation from the State, he was dismissed along with six other professors three summers ago for protesting against the dismissal of Dr. Jesse W. Sprowls. Neal took his revenge by starting his own law school at Knoxville, where the university is located, which is already almost as large as the university law school.

Probably Neal is the best-known man in Tennessee, and the best-liked. The farmers all like him for his simple tastes and ways; most of the young lawyers over the State would be willing to die for him, for during his dozen years as law professor at the University of Tennessee he was more like a father than a teacher to his students, and even outside of his law classes he was the most popular of the faculty members; and all the liberals in the State—and there is no way of knowing how few or many there are—will vote for him because they know he is a liberal heart and soul.

It's not possible to predict the outcome other than to say that nobody expects Neal to win. Nevertheless it is an interesting experiment, for it is the first time in the history of the State that a real liberal is running on a liberal platform.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is a 100 per cent American; that is, he is a whole-souled admirer of any one who can extract a dollar out of another while giving only fifty cents—or less—in return. Therefore, the Drifter is an apostle of what in modern business jargon is called salesmanship. Salesmanship is the art of selling a person something he doesn't need—and possibly doesn't even want—at twice what the article is worth even to one who needs it. Salesmanship is the foundation of modern business, the *sine qua non* of the competitive system of industry. But though the word is new, the art is old. Indeed there was far more salesmanship in America a hundred years ago than there is today. There had to be because there was less money. The old-fashioned American horse trader—and at one time every American was a horse trader—was a better salesman than Florida's late-lamented "binder boys" for the simple reason that in a civilization where money was scarcer it took more craft to get it away from one's neighbors. The richest country on earth is the most gullible. So the Drifter is inclined to pooh-pooh a good deal of so-called modern salesmanship; it's too easy. Too many persons are like a young cousin of the Drifter who went to a neighbor and said: "Mr. Whosis, Dad said to offer you $10 for your calf, but if you wouldn't take it to give you $15."

* * * * *

BUT there is one type of modern salesmanship of which the Drifter thinks too little has been said. It is that type which induces persons to pay hard cash to see articles assembled as an "exhibition" which merchants are panting to show them for nothing on the remotest chance of a sale. How is it that a supposedly sane man will pay a dollar or more to be elbowed about in an "automobile show" when any of the dealers exhibiting would be delighted to send a car to his door for a free demonstration? Is it the elbowing he pays for? The Drifter thought the limit in this direction had been reached with the annual "business show" in New York City—a display of adding machines, pencil sharpeners, and rubber bands. But no. There has just been held the National Hosiery and Underwear Exposition. In a country where every other shop-window is a hosiery and underwear exposition this extra spectacle would seem superfluous, but it appears that one most important piece of business was transacted. Out of 300 competitors the girl with the most beautiful ankle was selected. She is none other than the girl who three years ago won the "ankle and leg contest" at Bradley Beach. Her measurements are: ankle, 7¼ inches; calf, 12 inches; knee, 13¼ inches; thigh, 20 inches.

* * * * *

"SIC semper gloria mundi." In years past standards of womanly beauty were set by sculptors and painters. Now they are regulated by the ladies' hosiery and underwear manufacturers, or by the realtors of any mosquito-infested beach that chooses to stage a bathing-beauty competition. Our corset-makers long since tumbled the Venus of Milo off her perch and substituted as the standard of feminine pulchritude a lady with less ample bosom and more slender waist. The Drifter awaits with interest the new standard ankle of the hosiery- and underwear-makers, models of which are to be cast so that any schoolgirl in the forty-eight States can go and grow likewise.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Reactionary Drys

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Dry voters of Pennsylvania will have presented to them for their votes for United States Senator this autumn, William S. Vare, Wet, disreputable, reactionary. Opposing him will be William B. Wilson, Dry, respectable, and considered progressive by all who approve, overlook, or forgive his former membership in an ultra-reactionary Cabinet. Which will get the votes of the great bulk of Drys? Very probably Vare. Why? Because most Drys are reactionaries first. The hearty approval given by them to the disregard of the Bill of Rights in enforcement of the Volstead Act is alone enough to make that clear. Then again the average Pennsylvania Dry is a protectionist and will rather take chances with the Demon Rum than with a 1 per cent reduction of tariff duties.

Whatever support Wilson may get, aside from the thick-and-thin Democratic vote, will come from the overwhelmingly Wet miners, the same element which gave bone-dry Governor Pinchot the bulk of his vote in the recent Republican primary. Governor Pinchot was deserted by the Drys, who preferred the reactionary Pepper, backed by the reactionary and anti-prohibition Secretary Mellon. In order to win Wilson must convince his fellow-Drys that he is a protectionist reactionary.

Baltimore, June 8 SAMUEL DANZIGER

The Movies Move

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Have you seen the motion picture called "The Volga Boatman"? The Bolshevik military leader marries a princess of the old regime. No women are nationalized. The only indecencies committed against women are by the Czarist white forces. What a change since Norma Talmadge's excruciatingly anti-Bolshevik picture a few years since!

Washington, June 4 H. B.

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The Law and the British Strike

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some very muddled accounts of the general strike must have been sent to America, judging from your comments in *The Nation* of May 26.

You cannot understand why the strike was illegal. The miners did not strike; the railway men (the best-paid labor in England), shipping men, printers, and others, without grievances against their employers, struck illegally. They had contracts under which they were bound to give their employers a certain notice before leaving work. Their lightning strike was a violation of those contracts, hence illegal. Under English law the employers could obtain damages where there were any assets, on proof that they had suffered losses through breach of contract.

As for the miners, they were working under a temporary arrangement for the duration of the government subsidy. With the termination of the subsidy granted for nine months the arrangement ended automatically. The mine-owners posted notices of the terms they offered the men to continue work, as they had a legal right to do. The miners refused to accept these terms and discontinued work, as they had a legal right to do.

You state five points on which you say the miners won. The first is a continuation of the subsidy. There has been no continuation for the reason that the mines have remained idle and there is nothing to subsidize. Baldwin promised a further subsidy of £3,000,000 if owners and miners would get together.

That is all Baldwin has been able to promise because the owners would not agree to such terms as you specify. He could no more promise that there would be no reductions of wages, etc., than President Coolidge could promise the Negroes there would be no lynchings.

What killed the strike was that the railway men and others called out from work suddenly by the Trade Union Council had no heart in the business. The sympathy of all classes throughout has seemed to be with the miners.

London, May 30 R. L. Moore

Trusts and Ultra-Trusts

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your article Bigger and Better Mergers you state that trusts "have not the slightest notion of ever letting a penny of the savings which they make through lower unit costs get into the hands of the ultimate consumer." Do you think trusts were organized as charitable institutions to be operated for the benefit of the whole public? Certainly not. Your cry is against the system of production for profit, the essence of our acquisitive society. Stockholders want dividends, and woe to the corporation that does not pay them. This system existed long before trusts were formed and would be retained if every trust were abolished tomorrow. How many of your dear old private corporations were ever seized with a fit of benevolence in the days of cutthroat competition?

"And, what is more," you say, "if their control is sufficiently dominant, they may be able actually to *increase* prices." Yes, they may; again, they may not. Internal elimination of waste and the additional security realized after the suppression of competition are in themselves reasons why prices should not be increased. Oil, for instance, was cheaper after the organization of the oil trust than before. You state that trusts "may pass in mere size the limit of low-cost operation." They may, indeed, but that is exceptional. Trusts are formed because they pay and the overwhelming majority never lose.

"Trusts," you say, "tend to destroy initiative in the ranks of the great majority of their employees. They flatten life out for uncounted human beings." Here you confuse trusts with large-scale production. As a matter of fact, large-scale production can be carried on by the lone corporation and a trust can exist without large-scale production. Upon the whole labor has been treated as well by the trusts as by the lone corporation. And what is more, labor prefers to deal with large combinations of capital. Labor enjoys greater security under trusts than under scattered corporations engaged in a mad scramble to survive the blessings of competition.

Finally you turn to the government and find that trusts "are forever meddling in politics, running up legislative back alleys." What of it? The industrial structure now towers over the political structure. If this were a functional society trusts would be publicly owned and self-governing. Hence recourse to political government would be unnecessary. In fact, there would be no place for the state at all. All the functions of political government would become the functions of an economic government made up of representatives, duly qualified economists, accountants, and statisticians elected by the representatives managing the various trusts, who, in turn, would be elected by the workers. The workers in each trust would elect its managers, and each group would be supreme in its sphere.

The general convention to be called to draw up this new economic constitution would, of course, have to appoint experts to appraise the value of the property necessary to be purchased to accomplish this scheme. If the present stockholders refuse to accept the bonds issued for the property, then their property would be seized without compensation, until they repented. Why not, indeed? The Yankee manufacturers and their retainers turned Virginia chattel slaves loose without compensation to their masters. And what is the difference between chattel slavery and wage slavery? Quite recently the people deprived distillers of the right to make booze—another precedent.

Mount Ida, Alexandria, Va., May 31 Joseph B. Day

On the Color Line

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Pickens's article Youth Attacks the Color Line calls to mind how the pupils at the Ethical Culture School have been trained in the better attitudes toward the race problem. One of the graduates of the school, Miss Mason, who later distinguished herself at Fisk University, was twice elected president of her high-school class by the girls and boys both.

On one occasion, another private school learned that a player on the Ethical Culture baseball team was a colored boy, and declared that it would not play the game unless he were taken off. The matter was referred to the student council, which thereupon voted not only that the boy was to remain on the team but that all engagements for any kind of game whatever with the school which had protested were to be canceled.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 3 Henry Neumann

Tolstoi's Granddaughter

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Excuse my liberty to write to ask you an advice to a private cause. Forgive also my poor English; I am Russian.

One of the two living daughters of Leo Tolstoi opened recently a boarding-house near Paris to support herself and her daughter Tatiana, the favorite granddaughter of Leo Tolstoi, for whom he wrote many children's stories. But the business, maybe in beginning only, is very poor, the house almost empty, and she has very hard time now.

Is there any possibility to let the American tourists know about it? Her address is Mrs. T. L. Souchotina-Tolstoi, 236, Avenue Victor Hugo, Clamart, Seine, France.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., June 8 K. N. Rosen

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Books

Ditty

By ALLEN TATE

The moon will run all consciences to cover,
Night is now the easy peer of day;
Little boys no longer sight the plover
Hung on the sky, and cattle go
Warily out in search of misty hay.
Look to the grackle, the pretty eager swallow,
The crow, and all the birds that sail
With the smooth essential flow
Of time through men, who fail.

For now the moon with friendless light carouses
On hill and housetop, street and marketplace;
Men will plunge, mile after mile of men,
To crush this lucent madness of the face—
Go home and put their heads upon the pillow,
Turn with whatever shift the darkness cleaves,
Tuck in their eyes, and cover
The flying dark with sleep like falling leaves.

First Glance

IT is significant that "The Devil" (Harper: $2), now for the first time translated into English by the best of Tolstoi's translators, Aylmer Maude, should have been written by Tolstoi during the same year that saw the publication of "The Kreutzer Sonata." For both novels deal with the problem—a terrible one for Tolstoi in that sixth decade of his life—of chastity in men, and both of them treat it tragically. As Mr. Maude makes clear in a preface, the present work is founded directly upon a critical incident in the life of the author, who in 1880, when he was fifty-two, besought a tutor in his house at Yasnaya Polyana to come with him on his daily walks about the estate and talk concerning a sexual temptation into which he had fallen. He confessed as they walked that he had found it pleasant to look upon Domna, the servants' cook, and that he had even gone so far as to arrange a meeting with her—which only by accident had been prevented. Both reflection and prayer having failed him, he had resorted to confession; and Mr. Maude records that in the end this device succeeded, though Tolstoi rendered his position still safer by removing Domna to another place.

Ten years later "The Devil" was written. It was not published in Russia until after the author's death, and until now it has remained unknown to readers of English. Its hundred pages are a valuable find, in my opinion, not merely because they strengthen our evidence as to Tolstoi's absorbed concern with sex, or because they make an important footnote to his biography, but also because they contain some of the best writing we have from this most convincing novelist in the world. In "The Devil," the title of which, by the way, is revealing of Tolstoi's extreme antipathy toward woman in so far as she is by necessity a temptress, the hero, Eugene Irtenev, is just half as old as Tolstoi was at the time of the Domna incident; but he too is beset by the image of a tall, healthy peasant woman—Stepanida—and he too, as the attraction grows upon him even to the point of filling all his thoughts at the time when he wants to think only of his young wife, Liza, resorts to confession in order to clear his brain. In his case, however, nothing avails; Stepanida is not sent away; tragedy ensues. Tolstoi wrote two endings, either of them desperate enough, and Mr. Maude prints both. In one of them Eugene shoots himself, in the other he shoots Stepanida as she flaunts her diabolical beauty in the threshing-barn.

Mr. Maude is eager to convince his twentieth-century British readers that "The Devil" may still have merit though its theme be "obsolete." He fears that "the unrestraint of today" may too much seem to such readers to be a norm wherefrom Tolstoi departs into weird regions of "repression and suppression." That in itself is an amusing commentary upon Georgian life and literature. I thought it odder yet, however, that Mr. Maude should have attempted to justify the novel on the ground that there have actually existed, and may conceivably exist again, men capable of an interest in continence. The true materials for the justification lie in the book itself, which, written in the same decade with some of the most telling fiction ever composed by Tolstoi, and therefore by anybody (What Men Live By, Two Old Men, The Three Hermits, How Much Land Does a Man Need), is brilliant by any test that a calm critic could apply. It is real in the same awful way in which Tolstoi at his best was always real—and in a way that the term "realism," incidentally, cannot illuminate.

MARK VAN DOREN

Money Makes the Mare Go

Profits. By William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

THIS book elaborates somewhat farther the theory which its authors announced in their earlier work on "Money," the theory that our present method of financing industry out of profits inevitably leads to insufficient consumer demand for finished goods, and so around the weary cycle of boom and depression and back again. It is really two books in one. The first half is far and away the best existing explanation and defense of the profit system, embodying as it does an unequaled body of statistical data admirably analyzed. The second half is a savage criticism of that system; it constitutes the authors' answer to their own initial question: "Why is it impossible for the people, as consumers, to acquire and enjoy all the commodities which, as producers, they are perfectly able and willing to make?" Let us look at both halves.

To begin with, as our authors insistently point out, profits are the heart of present industrial life, just as money is its blood. The gradual weakening of the profit motive in one industry after another is impracticable, and it would be disastrously silly to scrap it without discovering another motive equally effective. Such a substitute Messrs. Foster and Catchings believe cannot be found; so they are for finding out why the animal behaves badly, and then reforming it, if possible, instead of slaughtering it out of hand. This would seem to be good sense, provided the creature be not incorrigible, as the socialists maintain.

Now, profits and losses arise out of taking risks, and risks there must be, provided the consumer is to have freedom of choice as to what, when, and where he will buy. Our competitive system puts the risks on the business man, and pays him in profits. Even communism could eliminate the risks only at cost of robbing the consumer of his freedom of choice—and who recalls war rationing with pleasure? Risks, how-

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ever, and with them profits, may be reduced by the increase and diffusion of knowledge, as by better crop reporting, for example, and by lessening fluctuations in the value of money. To summarize the argument in a series of successive chapter headings: "Buyers determine prices. Prices determine who gets the goods. Profits determine who produces the goods. Large profits are sometimes unavoidable." Since the dollar votes of consumers, acting through profit-seeking business men, bring into existence and distribute the goods wanted, communism would do away with prices and profits only at cost of disfranchising consumers.

But how does the machinery actually work? In the first place, profits are not always profits. Losses run into billions annually. In 1921 less than 45 per cent of the corporations of the country reported any net income, and even in the record year 1917 a full third of them had no taxable income. Total corporate profits, which were ten and a quarter billions in 1917, were less than two-fifths of that amount in 1921. Profits among industries vary widely, running from 8.9 to 60.3 per cent on capital among 108 industries in 1917. Within the same industry there are enormous variations. One coal-mining company made 13 per cent, another 329; one contractor had to content himself with 3 per cent, while his fellow made 5,530 per cent. The Steel Corporation made twenty-three millions in 1914, 271 millions two years later, and only thirty-five millions in 1921. What bosh, then, to talk of a "normal rate of profits." Profits are, above all, fortuitous, capricious, uncertain.

With these differences in profits, dividend and surplus distributions vary widely from year to year, despite all attempts at steadying the former. One hundred ninety-one industrial corporations added 379 millions to surplus, for example, in 1920, only to subtract the same amount next year. Corporate surplus received 1.5 per cent of the national income in 1914, and no less than 8.5 per cent in 1916, the percentage going to persons with incomes less than $2,000 falling in the same years from 56.3 to 47 per cent. Such fluctuations, in this case connected with changes in the value of money, mean wide variations in the money available to consumers to buy goods.

Here we approach the authors' theory of the cycle. In their own words: "First, there is no possibility of attaining the economic aim upon which all are agreed unless consumers somehow obtain enough money, year in and year out, to buy the goods about as rapidly as they are produced; second, the present money and profit economy does not enable consumers long to obtain the required money; third, there is consequently no possibility of sustained economic progress, and extreme alternations of prosperity and depression are inevitable." Consumer demand is bound to be short, because the expansion of industry is financed out of profits; as soon as the new capital facilities come into use, then, the value of goods produced must be greater than the amount of money passing into the hands of consumers, unless prices be reduced, which in turn will make business unprofitable and slow it down. In the words of the authors, "industry does not disburse to consumers money enough to buy the goods produced," while "consumers, under the necessity of saving, cannot spend even as much money as they receive." Now, at this critical point the cautious reader is likely to pause. It is true that the mathematical examples given, both hypothetical and actual, lend plausibility to the idea, and a considerable body of statistical evidence is at any rate "consistent with the theory that the chief cause of our failure to make substantial progress is the failure of the flow of money to consumers, in a period of increased productivity, to keep pace with the flow of goods." No one familiar with the difference between illustration and proof, however, will consider the case proved, nor do the authors themselves make any such claim. They separate themselves from the overproduction theorists, and from underconsumptionists like John A. Hobson, who find the source of inadequate consumer demand in bad distribution. In truth, the theory seems to have most in common with the esoteric and incomprehensible doctrine of Major Douglas, from which it differs, however, at any rate in being so stated that it is possible to extract meaning from it. But even if the theory be rejected in toto, it is nevertheless a distinct service to theory to point out, as the authors have done in both their books, that trade in a money economy is not simply refined barter, and that the profit-seeking business man acts differently from the way he would act if he were simply trading goods for goods, and acts with different results. When Karl Marx emphasized the sacred formula M-C-M [Money–Commodity–Money] as against C-M-C, he was after all indicating a truth too much neglected by the economists, that the object of business is to make money, not goods.

But just how to enable the business man to make money continually in order that he may find it possible continually to make goods for us at top speed, as he would be only too happy to do, the authors unhappily do not tell us. So far as one can make out, their theory would oblige them to look for a remedy somewhere in the process of financing. Apparently the government or some *deus ex machina* must each year issue additional money equal in amount to the total savings of the community, and by some hocus-pocus must get it into the hands, not of producers, but of consumers. On what principle shall it be distributed? Perhaps to us all, in proportion to our last year's expenditure—or shall it be on the basis of what we should like to spend next year? In the latter event Messrs. Foster and Catchings will find themselves the most popular of economic theorists.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A Decent Traveler

Sunlight in New Granada. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.50.

THE dear brethren are at it again. From the land of Mexico come loud wails. The church is in danger. The oil-fields are in danger. President Calles is a despot who rules with the help of a small minority of wicked Bolshevists. At the same time the "really nice" little Mexican peons are rushing to the defense of the foreign concessionnaires and the Spanish ecclesiastics, and all they need to gain a complete victory is just a few hundred thousand brave American soldiers. It is an old, old story and it grows a little dreary.

Meanwhile what sort of people are those Mexicans? What sort of country do they inhabit? I don't know and I shall probably never find out. Unless Mr. McFee will cross the Rio Grande and tell me about it. Which brings me to the inner kernel of my little story.

Of course I know full well that there is no dearth of books upon the present subject. Once upon a time I even went so far as to read a good many of them. I began with the series composed by one of our famous globe trotters, a man who has walked from Upernavik to Tierra del Fuego and from Peking to Novgorod. I studied his works and from them gathered the opinion that South America must be a dreadful place indeed. But that caused a serious inner conflict. For I lived in Washington in those days and I was constantly meeting South Americans. They seemed very decent people. A little darker of skin perhaps than our Nordic neighbors. But well read, simple of manners, hard workers, and with an incredible devotion to their countless grandfathers, great-grand-uncles, aunts, nieces, servants, cousins, and foster-mothers. And many of them were exceedingly intelligent. Indeed, the quickest and most brilliant mind I ever had the pleasure of meeting belonged to a man who hailed from that self-same land of Colombia of which McFee has written with such great charm.

A little later it happened that I ran across the learned doctor who was just then "explaining" the South American

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people to their Northern neighbors. He was terrible. His manners would not have been conspicuously bad in the forecastle of a Greek tramp, but I hate to think what my punctilious Peruvian and Argentinian friends would have thought of them. Not much, I fear. Well, this fellow who had the graces of a professional coal-heaver had spent the greater part of his adult life carrying the gospel of his own Americanism to the benighted heathen of the Andes. That he had not been killed long before demonstrated a tenderness of heart on the part of those long-suffering foreigners which I for one felt compelled to admire in no uncertain terms.

My curiosity having been aroused by this encounter, I went in for South American travelers. And I am sorry to say that the investigation revealed a pretty unhappy state of affairs. Go-getters from the hinterland of Ohio and Methodist missionaries without a job seemed to make a specialty of Chile and Ecuador and the other republics. The result was exactly what one would have expected. These authors contemplated *Land und Leute* from their own atrocious angle, and although they were unfit for the company of decent men in their native land, they greatly wondered that they were not wanted in countries where formal manners are the only part of the constitution which is carefully observed. They got even (in the meanest sense of that mean expression) by revaluating their personal mortification into general terms of contempt and derision for their former hosts.

The McFee book, therefore, was a most welcome surprise. A pleasant and humorous soul visited other pleasant if less humorous folk and they liked each other. The next time some puzzled ne[illegible]tor looks for a worthy subject for his posthumous charity, I recommend a smallish sum which shall keep Mr. McFee traveling and writing steadily in the Southern Hemisphere for at least a dozen years. I shall miss an agreeable neighbor. But our glorious republic may be saved another couple of wars.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Old and New

Ashe of Rings. By Mary Butts. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

ONE of the many discoveries we owe to English romanticism is the sentiment of place. Somehow it was revealed in the early 1800's that localities, like persons, have active and sensible souls. It is such an adumbration of locale that should have formed the backbone of this very arresting novel by a writer of indubitable talent. As a matter of fact, there are two backbones—and the result is that we are faced with a museum curiosity, not an integrated work of art.

The earlier and more powerful section of the book is devoted to an evocation of the estate of Rings in England. From the arrogant lips of Anthony Ashe, master of Rings, we learn the fragmentary tale of the magic memories, the medieval horrors, the incantations that lie coiled and potent in the stony Druid circles which give the place its name. Ancestral witches, crucified sorcerers, hieroglyphic volumes, subtle caretakers who feed like vampires on the family tradition—the whole paraphernalia is effective in its way, the more so because old Anthony is shadowy and gnomic and his little daughter Van is another Ariel. There is little solidity of flesh and bone to intrude and dispel the atmosphere of place. Here Miss Butts's touch is firm and sensitive. She achieves a sort of spiritualized Gothic romance which substitutes the cumulative force of eerie legend for Anne Radcliffe's trap-doors and sanguinary nuns. If you are at all susceptible to the *frisson* here is *un nouveau*. But Van grows up, is exiled from the holy and enchanted Rings of her spirit, starves in London, lives in a garret, engages in artistic conversation, loves an artist-nihilist, and acts for the movies. She takes on reality, lives a separate organic life which is but feebly linked to the magic on which her childhood was nurtured. The realistic novelist steps upon the stage. The latter part of the novel, in which Van returns to the home of her fathers, struggles with its enemies, finds a brother, and loses a lover, is sheer mechanism. One perceives the synthesis. The joints show. The book as a whole collapses.

It is not to be denied that some very high art accompanies this fatal clash of material. Miss Butts understands the pattern of words, she has fine insights, and there is a certain rigorousness in her style which makes one regret that it has been expended on what is, after all, to the contemporary habit of thought, a decadent literary convention. For when all is said and done, places cannot live for us today as they did for the excited imaginations of Scott and Poe. A platitude, but a valuable one: this is a psychological age. Mary Butts would do well to ponder on the convincing exposition of this thesis contained in Virginia Woolf's essay, Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown. Character is fate, it has been said. Certainly it seems to be the fate of the modern novel.

To an American particularly there is one other important element in the book which seems anachronistic. We can no longer be moved by the mystic tradition of family. The fungoidal mania that forces the Ashes to live as much and as deeply in the memory of their ancestors as in the consciousness of themselves hardly convinces us. The whole carefully built-up system seems rickety and unsubstantial. One remembers the devastating absurdity of that sentence in Donald Ogden Stewart's "The Crazy Fool": "'We were Southerners—and proud . . . ,' he added simply."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Helmholtz Continued

Helmholtz's Treatise on Physiological Optics. English Translation from the Third German Edition. Edited by James P. C. Southall. Volume II: *The Sensations of Vision.* Published by the Optical Society of America.

THE principles of physiological optics, like those of many other branches of physiology, are involved in every moment of our waking human life; but they have not been disseminated freely in the lay mind. Indeed they are none too firmly rooted in the minds of ophthalmologists, oculists, and other eye specialists to whom the layman turns when the principles in question fail to operate for him to the best advantage. Even scientific physicists and psychologists—and even certain physiologists—have occasionally revealed some ignorance in this regard. Some excuse for such a state of affairs may have existed hitherto in the fact that no authoritative treatise upon the subject was available in English. The excuse is now removed by the Optical Society of America.

When it was originally published, Helmholtz's "Handbuch" created a science of vision and of the eye out of a previously chaotic mass of problems. The book rose so far above the scientific level of its times that it has not been surpassed in the nearly seventy years which have elapsed since its inception. There has been much progress but no new comprehensive and systematic discussion of the whole domain of physiological optics. The most important new advances in the field have been incorporated in successive German editions of Helmholtz's work. The present translation is more than a mere disclosure to English readers of a scientific classic; it is a scientific reference work of the highest value to those interested in the principles of vision.

Volume II considers facts which for the most part would now be classed as psychological in character. The original chapters by Helmholtz treat the way in which the eye is stimu-

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lated, the physical nature of simple and compound light and their relation to color, the intensity and time relationships of luminous sensation, variations in sensitivity, contrast, and various subjective phenomena. Appendices by Nagel consider changes in the retina due to light, adaptation, twilight vision, and the "duplicity theory." An appendix by von Kries deals with normal and anomalous color systems and with theories of vision. An important new contribution is made by Christine Ladd-Franklin under the title The Nature of Color Sensations. This stresses the importance of the psychological standpoint for the analysis of color, and advocates the author's well-known theory of color vision. It also incorporates the valuable data concerning color mixture resulting from the researches of König, included in the second edition of Helmholtz's work but omitted from the third. A new bibliography of publications on vision between 1911 and 1924 is added by the American editor.

The utmost credit is due to the editor, Professor Southall, not only for the perfection of his task but for its accomplishment in any form. The translation of nearly two thousand pages of scientific text, with a maze of notes and references, is a stupendous task; and although the editor has had numerous assistants the responsibility for the unity and accuracy of the whole has been upon his hands alone. The Optical Society of America is also to be complimented for its creation of so fitting a memorial to a great scientist on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

L. T. Troland

Elizabethan History

Mr. Secretary Walsingham and the Policy of Queen Elizabeth. By Conyers Read. Harvard University Press. Three volumes. $20.

A History of England from the Defeat of the Armada to the Death of Elizabeth, with an Account of English Institutions During the Later Sixteenth and Early Seventeenth Centuries. By Edward P. Cheyney. Longmans, Green and Company. Vol. II. $6.50.

DISPROPORTIONATE in length and utterly unlike in viewpoint and objective, these two studies in Elizabethan history have far more in common than even their juxtaposition for purposes of review would indicate. Together they embrace the last thirty-five years of Elizabeth's reign, the former setting forth the career of one of her most distinguished ministers and the whole gamut of her foreign policy with which he was involved from 1568 to 1590, the latter displaying the England of Elizabeth in the seven years preceding her death in 1603. Both works are real contributions to historical knowledge. Thoroughly informed, absolutely sound in workmanship, and ably written, they will stand for more than a generation.

This life of Walsingham, "something more than a biography and something less than a history of Elizabethan policy," is "an attempt to establish the position of the man in the public affairs of his times." Three solid volumes have been devoted to the task. They embody the researches of years and are based upon a wealth of unprinted material from the English archives both public and private. No important phase or detail of the activities of Walsingham as agent or Councilor of the great Queen is neglected. Relations with France, Scotland, the Low Countries and Spain, the conflict of Catholic and Puritan at home and its ramifications abroad (the best chapter in the whole work), the execution of Mary Stuart, the war with Spain, the functions of a privy councilor, the parsimony of the Queen, English maritime enterprise in the last part of the sixteenth century, and, least important of all, the private life of Walsingham from the cradle to the grave—all are treated adequately, now separately and now collectively, but always with a clarity to which many of these topics have long been unaccustomed. The apparatus of scholarship, never obtrusive, is everywhere evident in numerous excerpts from unpublished documents interpersed throughout the text, occasional appendices, and voluminous foot-notes. The bibliographical essay which concludes the final volume is a model of what such things should be. The illustrations, whether portraits or facsimiles of manuscripts, form an integral part of the work and add distinctly to its value.

There are no startling interpretations of Walsingham or of the affairs of his day. He still stands forth with Drake as the protagonist of militant English Protestantism and with Leicester as the unrelenting advocate of war with Spain. He treated the Catholics merely as the traitors he deemed them to be. He was no more desirous of the death of Mary Stuart than she of the death of Elizabeth. Walsingham had a flair for the unraveling of intrigue and plot and was well served by a much overpraised spy system, but his success was as often dependent upon luck as upon science. He was no parliamentarian, but a staunch royalist, yet he rebuked James VI as a child with the same arguments which the Puritans later directed against James I, grown to manhood. Walsingham was a zealous promoter of English exploration, although with a view more to wealth than to empire. An "archgrafter" in the eyes of posterity and certainly well-paid by his Queen albeit in devious ways, he died poor but solvent. Patient, devoted, and far-sighted, he seems to have thought only of the state; he had no life outside his official business.

Walsingham may have been more Elizabethan than the Queen herself, but her personality dominates every page and permeates the whole work. Her attitude was consistently a maddening combination of parsimony, vacillation, and doubt. She was not really religious. She feared French expansion into the Low Countries more than she feared Spain. She would not dismiss her ministers and she would not support them. Yet the very things which "appeared to be feminine caprice in the Virgin Queen proved in the end to be very subtle policy." The tortuous nature of Elizabethan policy will never be justified completely; it can hardly demand a more impartial or a more masterly exposition.

Professor Cheyney's concluding volume more than fulfils the promise of its predecessor. There is still the same happy combination of sound learning and charming style. As before, the work is based upon an extensive acquaintance with all printed sources of information. This material has been thoroughly integrated and admirably set forth around a few, carefully chosen topics. There are no appendices; foot-notes contain merely citations of references. The bibliography promised in the earlier preface is not forthcoming. There is a deplorable lack of all maps and diagrams. No attention has been given to church organization or to intellectual factors.

But the carping critic remains to praise. The chapters devoted to the last four Elizabethan parliaments are beautifully done. The section on local government has no equal at the moment. In both instances there is a clever fusion of definition and discussion, with no lack of specific illustration, yet with constant stress upon the general and typical factors involved. The remainder of the book contains a realistic description of economic and political conditions in 1596 and again at the end of the reign, graphic accounts of the Cadiz expedition of 1596 and of the usually neglected Armada of the same year, a discussion of foreign policy at the turn of the century, and a rather complete account of the fall of Essex. The last is a real achievement. The whole book overflows with clever characterizations, striking comparisons, and thought-provoking statements. It will take its place on the library shelf between Froude and Gardiner, not because of its chronological limits but by right of its unmistakable merit.

Sidney R. Packard

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Books in Brief

Paris in the Revolution. By G. Lenôtre. Translated by H. Noel Williams. Brentano's. $4.50.

To devote one's time to examining historical buildings or, where the buildings have disappeared, maps, plans, and memoirs which mention them; to search laboriously into the ultimate fate of this great man's bathtub and that great woman's lock of hair; to delve into forgotten rubbish in museums and archives—all in order to prove, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, that a certain room was never inhabited by Marie Antoinette, that the skull of Charlotte Corday never was buried, that Madame Lebas never loved St. Just, and a number of other trivia of a similar nature—requires, to be sure, a commendable fund of patience, but also a tremendous lack of a sense of proportion. This shortcoming makes for the author's patent inability to understand the spirit of the French Revolution. One would get a better portrayal of Danton's character from the poetical effusions of Lamartine, of Robespierre's politics from the venomous rhetoric of Carlyle, of Marat's significance from the complacent prejudices of Michelet. Indeed, except for a chance allusion now and then to Aulard, the present writer never goes for secondary information beyond the so-called classical historians of the French Revolution; and so gullible is he in using the memoirs and other primary sources that we are asked to believe that the events of August 10, 1792, following the capture of the Tuileries, were scenes of pillage and slaughter such as no sober bystander could have witnessed and remained alive and sane, that the September Massacres were possibly the work of "a vast and secret association whose members had chosen for their object the destruction of the monarchy," that the exact words of the conversation between Danton and his confessor Kéravenan are known—though we are assured that "never was the secret of that strange and solemn interview violated." Despite the fact that there are some historical data in this volume that are not readily to be found elsewhere, on the whole it is a bit of sensational sentimentalism. In general it may be said of it that *exceptis excipiendis* whatever in it is important is untrue and whatever is true is unimportant. In extenuation it might be pointed out that the original French edition was written some years ago and that the author—a historian of reputation—is himself sometimes painfully apologetic.

Color-Blindness. By Mary Collins. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

However familiar it may be, the fact that to some eyes the world is reduced in its color-scheme is difficult to realize. Color is such an elementary experience, known only to and by sense, that no other source of knowledge of its vast role in nature and art is available. Your color world depends upon the minute structure of the retina with which you are born. The present volume is a convenient manual giving the facts in regard to the only common variety of the defect, the several methods of testing the degree and manner of the departure from normal vision, and also an accurate study of about a dozen cases around which the discussion of the theories of color-blindness is centered. The position taken is critical and correct; while color is defined by the length of light-waves, which belong to physics, color itself is a phenomenon of sensation belonging to psychology. Physical theories have interfered with the free investigation of the findings which only the color-blind can reveal; the variations are so many that each such subject seems almost to have a system of his own. The most common type is one in which the two ends of the spectrum seem to present a neutral (gray) zone, along with another such zone in the green region. The resulting confusions prevent the subject from seeing the ripe strawberries under their leaves and induce him to speak of a "reddish-green," while grays may seem either reddish or greenish. The color-theories explain the result on an evolutionary basis, but are both conflicting and imperfect. The hereditary mystery, by which a mother who has normal color-vision carries a latent defect from the color-blindness of her father which appears in the color-blindness of her son, is impressive and shows that we are dealing with an objective, sex-limited (there are at least forty times as many color-blind men as women) factor. In addition, the practical danger arising from undetected color-defects compels a permanent interest in this as yet unsolved problem.

Drawings for the Theater. By Robert Edmond Jones. Introduction by Arthur Hopkins. Theater Arts, Inc.

Thirty-five drawings by one of the most imaginative of American stage designers.

Personality. By R. G. Gordon. The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

A gallant attempt to bridge the gap which lies between our knowledge of the physiology of the nervous system and the theories of the new psychology. Starting with the old axiom, "There is no psychosis without a neurosis," the author endeavors to look at various fundamental mental processes both as they take place in the nerves and as they appear in the consciousness. While it must be admitted that the exact physiological basis of, for example, a "repression" is still far from clear, the book represents an admirable summary of knowledge upon the subject. The author devotes considerable attention to the theory of "emergents" and attempts to define personality in terms of it.

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International Relations Section

A Message from Barbusse

THE unfavorable reception by certain American publications, including *The Nation*, of "Chains," the recent novel of Henri Barbusse, caused the author to write the following message addressed to The Free Spirits of America. It has not been printed elsewhere.

I seize the occasion offered by the publication of the American edition of my novel "Chains" to address to the free spirits of the United States, those who compose the advance guard of American thought, this statement of the point of view from which I undertook to build my epic drama of the crowd, its past and its future.

My desire to enter into lively contact with the American public is one of long standing. I feel this desire not only because of my personal origin—my mother was Anglo-Saxon; not only because I am drawn to America by many deeply felt bonds of sympathy; it is also because America is today, in large measure, the arbiter of the world.

If this is true, is it not important that America should have a clear awareness of this world, over which it acquires from year to year an increasing material supremacy? Yet I doubt that America has such an awareness. America fails, especially, I feel, to plumb accurately the depth and significance of the most powerful current which now agitates all the older countries of the world—the current of revolution.

American opinion accepts too uncritically the myths and distortions with which constituted authority and its official apologists, ever at work, both with you and with us, travesty this vast and inevitable movement of the masses. That is why I offer this book, in which, using the methods of the student and the writer, I undertake to give historical and philosophical form to an idea which I believe to be new in the world.

To be a revolutionist does not mean that one is consumed by a sick need of disturbing the existing order; that one must wave the red flag, threaten, and make excited demonstrations after the manner of the demagogue. Neither does it mean that one dreams vain dreams of unworthy vengeance and reprisal; nor that one pursues the Utopian will-o'-the-wisp of making the poor rich and the rich poor. To be a revolutionist as I conceive it is to claim for oneself a role far greater, more noble, and more intelligent.

The task of the revolutionist is to bring to birth a society in which the interest of all will supersede the special interest of any individual or class. It is to attack our present system because it is both oppressive and unstable; it is to eliminate the struggle of the classes by eliminating the classes themselves; it is to institute a world community based on the necessities of work and production.

The revolutionist knows that this has never been done, in spite of superficial appearances, in spite of the hypocritical pretensions of our contemporary "democracies" and their leaders, notably those of France and England.

As I delved into history seeking the materials for my present book I became convinced that the historical succession of social forms presents only slight differences, but profound resemblances. The differences are those of place, of manners, one might almost say of dress. But the underlying forms are alike. The slavery of antiquity, the serfdom of the Middle Ages, and the condition of the workers of today are but three forms of the same thing: the unequal struggle of the masses and the unfailing victory of privilege, supported by the constituted authorities. It is this which I have wished to reveal as the essential tragedy of all history. And there is this further modern corollary: Scientific and industrial progress has perfected the exploitation of men by men, this division of the world into robots and profiteers. If there has been any intellectual and moral progress it has consisted in the elaboration of purely verbal systems with which to disguise, under the masques of liberalism and republicanism, the eternal recommencements of this dreary cycle of exploitation.

The revolutionist is the only true liberal, the only true republican. He agrees with the avowed principles of the great spokesman of democracy—equality, liberty, fraternity. But unlike them he wishes these principles to be not merely proclaimed but applied. Furthermore, revolutionary logic shows plainly how indissolubly the abuses of our present system are linked; that we can end none of these abuses unless we end them all.

The revolutionist desires the goal and grasps firmly the means to the goal. Rejecting abstract formulas and solutions he adheres consistently to pragmatic science. He is both honest with himself and loyal to his principles. He links himself with the great libertarian tradition for which the true innovators, the true apostles, have always sacrificed themselves.

Unfortunately the libertarians of the past have worked in the unsubstantial and spectral domain of ideas; or they have not known how to achieve a reform sufficiently radical so that the reviving forces of vested greed would not be able to devour their gains and turn them to their own advantage.

America, which is young, firm, strong, and clear-headed, should perceive that the one need is to organize positively in the domain of facts one of these great ideas which recur again and again through the centuries of human aspiration. The ideal will become the reality when and only when we have the audacity to march directly to the goal along the path of common sense and essential morality.

In the midst of our contemporary parody of a civilization which calls itself moral although it is utterly material; amid the thundering orchestra of our false republics, let America be grateful for those who are the true champions of the rationalist spirit, and who are also the real upholders of the Christian ideal; who bring to their task today, in far greater degree than did the defeated saviors of the past whose struggles they resume, a knowledge of economic laws and a conqueror's grasp of reality.

Doorn and the German Conspirators

A WIDESPREAD monarchist conspiracy, involving a large number of parliamentarians, ex-cabinet ministers, and high judicial and military dignitaries, a conspiracy aiming at the deposition of President Hindenburg, his replacement by an extreme monarchist, the dissolution of the German National Assembly, the abolition of the Weimar Constitution, a nation-wide state of siege, and the offhand execution of all eminent Republican leaders was uncovered in April by the Prussian authorities. The strong monarchist elements within the Prussian administration tried to keep the evidence secret, but rumors of its definitely incriminating character and extensive implications leaked out. The pressure of public opinion demanding publication of the main documents became irresistible, and the Official Prussian Press Service (Amtliche Preussische Pressedienst) had to publish, in the first week of May, the names of the chief conspirators, their "program of initial action," and part of the incriminating correspondence found at their dwellings and headquarters.

The overthrow of the republic through an armed rising of monarchist organizations was planned for June.

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The chiefs of the conspiracy were Dr. Neumann, Ex-Burgomaster of Lubeck, slated as Chancellor of the Empire; Privy Councilor Hugenberg, selected for Minister of Finance; Dr. Wegener of Kreuth, Bavaria, a magnate of heavy industry, prospective Minister of the Interior; General von Möhl, the conspirators' choice for chief of the national militia (Reichswehr); and finally, Dr. von Luning of Bonn, to be made food dictator of the revolt. Their manifesto, as published by the Prussian Official Press Service, contained twenty-nine paragraphs, providing for all the main contingencies of a victorious insurrection and decreeing, among other essentials, a complete suspension of railroad traffic, the closing of the exchanges, the internment of the Jews in concentration camps, confiscation of their property, dissolution of all political organizations, capital punishment for strikers, and two modes of execution: shooting for "honorable" and hanging for "dishonorable" Republicans, with an express inclusion of the "November criminals," meaning the organizers of the Republic in 1918, within the latter category.

But the chief interest of these official Prussian disclosures centers in two letters, addressed to the Ex-Emperor and his Empress at Doorn by one of the conspirators, Mr. Class, president of the Alldeutsche Verband (Pan-German Union). These letters point to Doorn as a directing center of monarchist conspiracies. We reproduce them below.

Berlin, December 15, 1925

TO HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL MAJESTY—MOST SERENE EMPEROR AND KING—MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN LORD!

Your Majesty has been pleased to express to me, under date of December 9, your appreciation, and to transmit to me your portrait, with a gracious inscription. For this delightful souvenir I beg leave to submit my most cordial thanks.

This manifestation of your Majesty's good pleasure was all the more significant for myself and my friends, inasmuch as we see in it a proof that our labors for our Emperor and the Empire are conducted in the right spirit and with the right means. Your Majesty may rest assured that the loyalists gathered around me—whose number and resolution is growing with the increase of our national sufferings—are indefatigably at work, with the aim of a restoration of the House of Hohenzollern to renewed splendor and the liberation and purification of the Fatherland. Despite our present miserable plight we are certain of ultimate victory, because the very heaviness of our present afflictions has welded together all true-hearted Germans into a unique commonwealth of fighters, resolved to carry on in the service of our Sovereign and our people. If anything could strengthen the determination of our fighting fraternity and its assurance of victory, it was your Majesty's gracious manifestation.

I remain, worshipfully, your Majesty's ever faithful

CLASS

Berlin, January 26, 1926

TO HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS:

Your Majesty's gracious letter of January 9—for which my most sincere thanks—came to hand in time. I am deeply appreciative of the fact that your Majesty would like to have me confer with the Emperor in person, but I cannot conceal from myself the weighty considerations speaking against such a meeting. Permit me to suggest that the honor of an imperial invitation be graciously bestowed upon Prince Otto Salm-Horstmar, an old and dependable loyalist. The Prince belongs to our inner circle, is minutely informed about the state of our movements, and would assuredly feel proud of a chance to report to the Sovereign in person.

It is perfectly plain to us that the prestige of the President [Hindenburg] depends upon his insight into the true needs of the realm, before it is too late, and his logical deduction of the requisite steps. It is pitiful to see how the Fieldmarshal honors with his confidence a number of highly obnoxious individuals. It is generally admitted today that the Dawes treaties are not workable—yet the President perseveres in putting his confidence in their chief sponsor, Dr. Luther! God grant success to our efforts to enlighten him!

Public distress is increasing. The Communists are preparing a coup; the government and the cowardly bourgeoisie remain inactive. Confronted by such a situation, we are about to resort to patriotic self-help. Our propagandistic efforts have succeeded beyond reasonable expectation. The inclosed documents will enlighten your Majesty about developments. I remain, in deepest devotion, etc.

CLASS

Syria Appeals to the League

THE text of this document, dated March 17, was published in the *Tribune d'Orient* (Geneva) of April 12. It is addressed to the Council of the League of Nations:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

Several times already we have addressed ourselves to the League of Nations to draw its attention to the regime under which the unhappy population of Syria lives. We have indicated the spirit in which France applies the regime of the mandate, transforming its obligation to give aid and counsel to the country into a veritable colonial enterprise. Several times we have protested against the regime of the mandate and have shown that our country aspires to independence and liberty with all its heart.

Our appeals, alas! have not been heard and, as we foresaw, war has broken out in Syria. The people had come to the end of their patience and could no longer endure the vexations of all kinds to which they had been subjected for five years. We have been suffering all the horrors of war for eight months. The country marches to its ruin.

It is in vain that our enemies seek the causes of the conflict in the feudal spirit or in the ambitions of various individuals of the Syrian world or even in the intrigues of certain Powers. The feudal regime disappeared from Syria long ago and from Djebel Druse more than thirty years ago, following a rebellion of the peasantry, as everybody knows. After that Turkey established complete equality between the sheiks and the peasants.

The true cause of the war must be sought in the regime to which the country is subjected, under the false name of mandate, even though in 1916 the Syrian populations hoped for independence and liberty. They have witnessed a regime of extreme imperialism, which has taken from them their most elementary rights and prerogatives solemnly promised. Since that time numerous revolts have taken place and finally actual war has broken out.

On several occasions we have requested that the League of Nations send a committee of investigation into Syria to study events, determine responsibility, and discover the wishes of the inhabitants. Our proposal contained nothing which might be considered an accusation against anyone. It would have the effect of bringing into the country a generous spirit of pacification and quiet. We do not understand why France, if it has a good conscience, is opposed to a committee of inquiry of the kind that acted in Mesopotamia. Only such as

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are in the wrong fear the intervention of an impartial body charged above all to establish the truth. We shall never cease to call upon the officials of the League of Nations to appoint such a committee. . . .

We are convinced that the investigators will be able only to record the most ardent desire on the part of the population for independence and liberty.

Seeking pretexts for the maintenance of a foreign military regime in Syria, it has been alleged that a free Syria would shortly be the prey of its neighbor to the north. We must protest against this view of things. If Syria had its independence it could organize its national army which would be a guaranty of resistance against any invaders. On the other hand, as long as France exercises sovereign authority in Syria the organization of a national army will be retarded. A few mercenaries in the service of a foreign state would not be able to stop the invader, if at a given moment France were obliged to withdraw her troops from Syrian soil, on account of trouble in another part of the globe.

We protest further against the fact that France and Turkey are negotiating in the course of which Syrian soil is dealt with as a medium of exchange just as if it constituted part of the territory of the republic. Syria must have the right to be a party to all agreements which concern it.

In all the documents which we have had the honor to submit to the League of Nations, whether manifestos to the Assembly or memorials to the Committee on Mandates, we believe that we have given proof of the capacity of our country to govern itself. We deny energetically the statements which continue the pretense that Syria cannot govern itself, statements which can have no other purpose than serving French political interests. Our spirit of tolerance and humanity has always been manifest, even in tragic moments as during the bombardment of Damascus, when Moslems protected their Christian brothers despite the provocations of the French authorities. You will find proofs of this in the testimony of the representatives of the foreign states, as well as in the international press whose representatives were present. We add a copy of the report of the Consular Corps of Damascus.*

We appeal to the League of Nations, whose essential task is the safeguarding of peace and the preservation of the peoples from the scourge of war. We place our trust in the Council to carry through an intervention which shall put an end to the shedding of blood and to the systematic destruction of a country confided to its protection.

Again, it is the duty of the League of Nations not to grant entire freedom to a great Power which holds its mandate from the League and which abuses it to follow private ends contrary to the very spirit of the mandate.

We have the firm conviction that we represent the real wishes of the Syrian population. It is vain to reproach us for the ardor of our convictions and the fervor which, under polite forms, appears in our manifestos.

Is it not permitted within the League of Nations for patriots whose country is enslaved to protest in the name of independence and liberty? Could we act otherwise than we have done when we saw the unhappy population of Syria terrorized, maltreated, and violated? The war on the side of the French has exhibited all the characteristics of a colonial expedition, and we have seen women and children massacred by airplanes and bombs. We have seen our villages and our cities destroyed, our legitimate rights trampled under foot. We cannot help protesting. In doing so we are the advocates of an entire people, the mouthpiece of a whole nation. Nevertheless, despite the sentiments we harbor, we have never ceased to wait with patience and to present respectfully our memorials to the Committee on Mandates. Several times we have proposed to France advantageous agreements with the desire to establish peace. Several times we have suppressed our true sentiments

* Published in the International Relations Section for June 2.

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and proposed an alliance with our oppressor which would have tied our lot to his. Such proposals have always been rejected.

We are now convinced that as long as France has the controlling hand in Syria it is impossible that violence shall cease. They promise now, to be sure, to change the entire spirit which has governed us till today; but we have little confidence in their promises. In spite of M. de Jouvenel, the military has not hesitated to commit the same acts that we experienced under the regime of General Sarrail and his predecessors. The European consuls resident at Damascus know well what happened several days ago in the Maïdan quarter—unheard-of atrocities. The notables of the city, Christians and Jews included, have protested to the military governor, General André, against these renewed atrocities.

Whatever improvement in detail France may bring to its policy, Syria will always suffer. For us it is a matter of the fate of Syria and we work with this in mind. For France it is merely a matter of economic, political, and financial advantage. There is, then, no possibility of reconciling the French mandate and national sovereignty. The way in which France has undertaken its task and continues it makes it impossible for her to be to us merely an organ of aid and counsel. . . .

For the moment, knowing the difficulties which confront us, we have formulated a clear and precise demand to the Council of the League of Nations: the immediate dispatch of an impartial committee of inquiry into Syria.

We address this request to you with great confidence. We know that it contains nothing presumptuous and that it is in accordance with the procedure of the great body charged to better, little by little, international relations and to assure the liberty of the peoples.

Accept, Mr. President and Gentlemen, the assurance of our very highest esteem.

The Delegates of the Syrio-Palestinian Congress and the Parties of Syrian Independence.

IHSAN EL-DJABRI
EMIR CHEKIB ARSLAN

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON has written and illustrated several books, the most recent of which is "Tolerance."

LEWIS S. GANNETT, one of the associate editors of *The Nation*, has recently returned to this country after spending six months in the Far East.

RAYNA RAPHAELSON is on the editorial staff of the *People's Tribune* in Peking.

MARY AUSTIN is the author of "The American Rhythm" and many other volumes.

LANGSTON HUGHES is a well-known Negro poet, the author of "Weary Blues."

RUTH S. ALEXANDER is a writer who lives in Cape Town. She has long been a contributor to *The Nation*.

JOHN T. MOUTOUX is a Washington correspondent. He reported the Scopes trial for the United Press and previously served on the staff of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *News*.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN teaches at the Ethical Culture School in New York City.

L. T. TROLAND is a research engineer at present connected with the production of motion pictures in natural colors. He is also assistant professor of psychology at Harvard University and the author of "The Present Status of Visual Science."

SIDNEY R. PACKARD is professor of history at Smith College.

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